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RESTORATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

ART. I.—THE CRISIS, *addressed to the People of England on the
EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S RETURN to POWER. By a Barrister of
the Middle Temple.* Ridgway.

A LETTER from Ulysses to the Earl of Liverpool, on the Situation and
Views of the French, and of the Allies before, and after, the Treaty
of Paris, and on the Circumstances which caused the Abdication of
NAPOLEON. By P. C. GRAVES, Esq. Ridgway.

LETTER to a Noble Lord on the present Situation of France and Eu-
rope; accompanied by Official and Original Documents. Murray.

DE L'Impossibilité d'Etablir un Gouvernement Constitutionnel sous un
Chef Militaire, et particulièrement sous NAPOLEON. Par M. COMTE.

[Continued from p. 375.]

THE next point of view in which the RESTORATION is to be considered, is its relation to the politics and plans of the confederated chiefs. NAPOLEON's re-ascension would, whenever it might have occurred, have shaken to its very centre any plan originating with persons of such notorious incapacity. Had their want of talent been supplied by more than an usual quantum of political morality; had the vacuum of intellect been occupied by a plenum of beneficence; had Virtue posted her angels round thrones which genius refused to support; had those rulers, who affected so warm, and, in them, monstrous a zeal for the liberties of civilized man, acted, since the Abdication, upon those principles which up to that period, they professed to make their new-born guides; had they, when the pretended point of contest, the liberation of Europe, was gained, it matters little *how* or by what means, whether by the serpentism of treachery, or the open exertion of mere strength—had they *then*, relying upon the confidence excited by their previous declarations, disbanded their armies, and sat down amid assemblies composed of the convocated wisdom of Eu-

rope, with the avowed and sincere intention of building up the happiness of the world on solid and popular bases; had they refrained from the abuse of the power acquired by their own professions, and the general confidence placed in those professions; had they shunned with sensitive caution, all proposed schemes of iniquitous aggrandizement; had they *not* left the abolition of the trade in human flesh to their mighty and re-instated antagonist; had they *not*, with the most bare-faced and shameless effrontery, broken every article of that treaty which enabled them to assemble in the partitioning and bartering Congress of Vienna; had they, in fine, been *actually* guided by the honest and manly principles of sincerity and uprightness towards Europe and their betrayed adversary; then, perhaps, the extreme peril to which they have become obnoxious by the re-establishment of the Empire, might in some degree have been abated by the new feelings which such unprecedented goodness in the despots of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, would naturally have given birth to in the bosom of the continent: and though in the field the sword of France might still have cloven their crests; though in the cabinet the *intellect* of France might still have succeeded against German and Scythian brains; yet the MORAL STRENGTH with which they would have been then surrounded would, perhaps, have supplied the defect of ability: they might have occupied that place in the *hearts*, which they can never hold in the *minds* of their respective nations. Not that we are to be understood to suppose for an instant, that even in *such* a state of things active hostilities against the EMPEROR could have had any considerable chance of success, or that *such* a strength would avail them in an enterprise so very silly as the attempt to impose a government upon a mighty and MILITARY nation. No: power derived from virtuous principle is in its very nature domestic, and, in cases of external assault, preservative; fitted for home-action, and calculated for any thing rather than offensive measures. Such a power might secure to its possessors their own states, but would never enable them to acquire new territories: nay, the very attempt to enlarge their dominions involves the tacit abandonment of the *moral* ground on which we have hitherto supposed them to stand, and opens upon them the floodgates of just and inevitable destruction. Such governors are naturally fitted for the affairs of peace and moderation. War is as much out of their sphere, as it ought to be foreign to their contemplation.

We have hitherto regarded the RESTORATION simply as it would have affected the Rulers, *had* their conduct been guided by the principles of moral justice; *had* NAPOLEON, after his ar-

rival at Paris, manifested by word or deed that he was bent upon a *War of Aggression*; and had he, instead of offering to ratify the Capetian treaty of Paris (ignominious as it was for a nation who had been the sovereigns of Europe) closed the barriers of pacific communication. We have now to look at the case as it really is; and, viewing things as they *are*, develop in some degree the consequences of that sublime event to the unmasked rulers of the continent. Previous to such an exposition, however, it will be proper to take a summary view of their proceedings after the Abdication, toward the countries either wrested from France, or ceded by the Capets at the conclusion of the war.

And, in the first place, let us explore the politics of the Russian Chief. What did *he* do, or propose to do, at the notable Congress assembled in the centre of despotism for the professed and ludicrous purpose of establishing the governments of Europe on free and honest principles. The person now in question has been extolled (*since 1812*) as the principal saviour, next to England, of the continent. He has been hailed (by ministers and their hirelings) as an individual who drew his sword to restore the ravished rights of the European Family, and stepped forward with a noble disinterestedness in the cause of universal freedom. Every quality that can be supposed to adorn the character of the man and the monarch he has been unhesitatingly complimented with. His faith in the observance of treaties has been lauded to the skies, though the campaign of Moscow originated in his violation of that of Tilsit; though, as if he prided himself in acts of unnecessary immorality, he so lately committed another infraction of the same treaty, by proclaiming that he would never treat with "*Napoleone Baonaparte*;" and though, without repugnance, he broke *that* formerly concluded between his own agents and (*mirabile dictu!*) the present eulogists of his fidelity, the servants of the British crown. His *heroism* has been panegyrised by the very people who formerly, when the EMPEROR NAPOLEON admitted him to the honour of his alliance, stigmatized him as a *poltroon*. The men who reprobated the head of the Romanof Family for his spoliation of Finland, now shout in praise of his unambitious temper. His government of Russia has been represented as a model for the conduct of sovereigns, by persons who are not more able than ourselves to adduce one plausible instance of his political skill or beneficence. Now, allowing the truth of all that his partizans assert in his favour, let us see what *were* the objects of his soul's desire at the Congress. Did he shew any disposition to repair the mighty wrongs committed by his an-

cestor Catherine on the independence of nations? Did he immediately withdraw his Scythians from countries which he had no better right to occupy than he possesses of pouring them into the British islands? Or, was all the time he could persuade himself to spare from feasts, and dances, and sledges, and balls, and masquerades, employed in devising plans of self aggrandisement, utterly regardless whether such schemes would, or would not, be injurious to the countries that were the objects of his intended and (to himself) dangerous usurpations? Did he abandon the Crimea? Did he relinquish Wallachia? Did he resign Moldavia? Did he say to POLAND, "You are free—radically and permanently free: for I cheerfully give up that portion of your horribly-oppressed country which I have been taught to believe I inherited from my progenitors, and undertake to procure from Prussia and Austria the cession of such parts as fell to their share in its unholy dismemberment; I leave you to yourselves; and only request, that, as a full return for my just conduct towards you, you will not, when I relinquish all claim to your *obedience*, refuse me the *friendship* of a people whose esteem I hope to conciliate by proving how sincerely I abhor the tyranny practised upon them by my ambitious ancestors?" Did he employ language like this? Is it probable that he harboured for an instant ideas even bordering upon those we have expressed? Instead of entertaining a thought worthy a man calling himself, and called by others, a "LIBERATOR," did not every word that dropped from his tongue, every feature of his conduct after the Treaty of Paris, every public measure entered into by him, every proclamation issued by him, irresistibly impel the belief that all his political speculations sprang from the lust of dominion; and confirm the persuasion, that to gratify that lust he cared little how deeply he wounded the feelings, and insulted the honour, of nations that expected from his justice, and the justice of his allies, the acknowledgment of their independence.

Of all the usurpations of the Romanoffs, that of Poland was the most acceptable in the eye of Satan—the farthest in advance toward the perfection of the demoniac character. More low treachery, more damnable cruelty, more deliberate and systematic wickedness, were conceived and perpetrated in that horrible transaction, than had been planned and executed for ages. To say that they were only *sharers* in the partition, is to aggravate their guilt; since it shows, that from the heroic resistance of Poland, and the jealousy entertained by the chiefs of Austria and Prussia, the only mean of accomplishing so atrocious an enterprize was the securing the interested co-operation of those

persons; the necessity of which, arising out of the protracted opposition of the Poles, did not fully manifest itself till time had proved that scarcely any thing short of extermination could possibly extinguish their spirit, and crush them into vassalage. A writer, who has been allowed the possession of strong political talent, thus speaks of the partition of 1772. It "was the first *very* great breach in the modern political system of Europe. It was not sapping by degrees the constitution of our great western republic; it was laying the axe at once to the root in such a manner as threatened the overthrow of the whole." Thus, then, we may perceive, even in the words of a friend of despotism, how very obnoxious to all classes of persons at the period of its acting, was this most infamous measure. As to lamenting it as a "*breach in the political system of Europe*," that we do not. We are such admirers of that system, that we think a good many "*breaches*" might be made in it, vastly to the advantage of Europe. And then as to the "*great western republic*," which makes such a tawdry figure in the paragraph, we should be at an utter loss of understanding Mr. Burke, were we to take his words in their literal sense; but when we recollect that this "*republic*" is composed of *absolute monarchies*, and that the writer himself only made use of the term as one of rhetorical glitter, we feel indignant that the sacred cause of Poland should be degraded and frittered into fragments by allying it with the security or danger of despotic governments, as connected with the fortunes of that insulted and oppressed country. But the eminent writer from whom we have quoted, makes ample amends, subsequently, for this, perhaps undesigned, error. Speaking of the Constitution of the 3d of May, posterior to the first spoliation, he exclaims, with a burst of honest and eloquent enthusiasm—"Happy people, if they know how to proceed as they have begun! Happy Prince, worthy to begin with splendour, or to close with glory, a race of patriots and of kings!"

Thrice was this wretched country submitted to the cauterizing of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian cupidity, (to term it Ambition would be conferring upon it too noble an appellation): thrice were her palpitating, bleeding members set upon by the dogs and wolves of rapine; not a limb was suffered to remain undislocated and ungashed. Yet, encompassed and beset as she was by the growing force of her cowardly assailants; the blood of her children welling forth around her in streams; fainting, dying under reiterated attacks; yet, even then, in her last mortal agonies, what efforts did she not make for the preservation of her freedom! How often did she not keep her foes at bay!

How unshrinking her fortitude!—her magnanimity how glorious! POLAND! POLAND! thy subjugation is a crime that remains to be atoned for. From all nations of the continent but **ONE** thou wilt vainly look for succour—for all *but one* are leagued with thy tyrants. From all continental nations but **ONE** thou has nothing to expect but the prolongation of thy wretchedness—for all *but one* are more or less interested in its prolongation. But cheer up, thou gallant country! Cast thine eyes abroad, for the horizon of thy destiny begins to brighten! Let thine ears drink the distant sounds of freedom and glory! For the Spirit of Regeneration is walking the earth, and a Trump is about to sound whose voice is thy redemption!

To record the misery inflicted on Poland by her savage oppressors would require volumes—yet volumes would leave untold the half of their iniquity. To relate in any thing like a catenated series the deplorable events that produced her destruction, would be impossible in a work so limited in its scope as ours. We waited to the last moment in expectation of intelligence from the continent, for the purpose of ascertaining what would be the policy of the confederated chiefs towards the countries they have so profligately seized, in some slight expectation that, *in the present state of affairs*, PRUDENCE might have induced them to resign pretensions so hurtful to themselves, and of such immense service to NAPOLEON. Of these usurpations, however, black and abominable as they must be, and, in truth are, in the eyes of all, but more especially in the sight of ENGLISHMEN—monstrous and unhallowed as they must be in the contemplation of Heaven—the retained hold of Poland is the blackest, and the vilest: the one most calculated to operate in favour of the EMPEROR. Common sense required that the liberty of that fine country should, in a juncture like the present, be fully and unequivocally restored. The hatred of the natives to the Russians is of that fierce and unrelenting kind, that would with delight make them consent to the severest hardships, and toil everlasting, and burthens the most intolerable to any other nation, so that the termination of such evils was the eradication of the tyranny they have, for nearly half a century, groaned under. And can this surprise? What we are proceeding to relate should be written in blood.

At the last partition in 1793, the Prussians and Russians, after repeated and shameful defeats, frequently by less than a third of their numbers, concentrated their forces and bore down upon Warsaw, which they attacked with all the means that war and treachery could supply. For two months they were baffled and often defeated; till at length an insurrection in that part of Po-

land, the south, which had been appropriated by Prussia, called back the troops of her ruler to suppress it. A battle subsequently ensued between the Russians and the forces of Kosciusko, which the Polish hero was upon the verge of gaining, when a wretch, called Poninski, deserted his country and his general at the moment of success:—and, fainting with fatigue, bleeding from an hundred wounds, Kosciusko was defeated and captured. This crushing of all his hopes so deeply affected him, that, it is said, he implored death at the hands of the Cossacks by whom he was taken; and they were proceeding to accomplish his request, when he was recognized. Taken to Petersburg, he was flung into a wretched dungeon, and during the remainder of Catherine's life was this illustrious chief incarcerated amid subterranean glooms and damps: his crime, the defence of his country in her struggle for independence. Still was the war continued—of remorseless barbarity on the side of Russia—on that of Poland of enthusiastic resistance. But the tide of misfortune set in too strongly upon her; and after an unprecedented display of skill, valour, and resolution, the light of her independence was quenched—not for ever—in clouds of darkness. Warsaw was taken. The city was given up in cold blood to pillage and slaughter by the villain Suwarof; thirty thousand persons, of either sex, of all conditions, of every age, suffered death, either by direct butchery, or protracted tortures. Even these horrors did not satiate the demon who caused them. THIRTY THOUSAND more, who disdained to yield, were permitted to quit the city, and afterwards *hunted down by the Russians*. The capitulation entered into by Suwarof was broken by him, and the principal chiefs sent into Siberian prisons. The king likewise was immured in a distant fortress, and died, as it is supposed, shortly after through poison. The REMAINDER of the country was then PARTITIONED. The crowning act of infamy was yet to come. Catherine issued a proclamation, in which she speaks of herself as animated “*with the solicitude of a TENDER MOTHER, who only wishes for the HAPPINESS of her CHILDREN*,” and finishes this piece of stupid and infernal cant by commanding a solemn “*thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles*,” and ordering that each of them should “*swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour.*”

Who has not heard of the Confederates of Barr? Who is ignorant of the skill, of the heroism, displayed by that illus-

trious Association? Indissolubly united with *their* glorious exploits, the horrors of Russian perfidy, of Russian barbarity, glare upon the eye. The Russians are *slaves*—slaves of the vilest description—*SLAVES OF THE SOIL*—and have, of course, much about as good an idea of enthusiasm as of genius—a word that has no place in the dictionaries of Petersburg. To supply, in some measure, the want of ardour and talent, the Russians had recourse to enormities only paralleled in the reigns of Nero and Caligula, and the present ruler of Spain. A wretch called DREWITZ commanded against the Confederates, and the proceedings of this *INFERNAL* are thus sketched by *Rulhiere*, and alluded to in a very ably-written book on the affairs of Poland,* published at the period when the Russian chief and his allies had entered the imperial dominions; and not satisfied with breaking the treaty of Tilsit, was endeavouring, by his proclamations, to sever the people of France from their *freely-elected* and therefore *legitimate* sovereign.

“Persons of rank, who had capitulated as prisoners, were butchered by him in cold blood, with the tortures invented in Russia for the punishment of slaves. Sometimes he bound them to trees, and made them serve as marks for the soldiers to shoot at; sometimes their heads were dexterously carried off by lancers, as at a tournament.”—“Whole companies were turned out, with their hands cut off, and allowed to wander up and down the country; and with a ferocity wholly inconceivable, joining mockery to unheard of cruelty, he slayed those miserable victims alive; cutting the skin, so as to represent, with the flesh, the national dress of the Poles.”

Thus did the Russians act in 1772, and it may serve as an example of succeeding atrocities up—aye—up to the *present* moment—the bursting spring, we have every reason for believing, of Polish freedom. Poland, says the sensible writer from whom we have quoted, is “parcelled out, confiscated, jobbed,” and “turned into money”—true—to the very letter, true. A *successful* invasion of Poland by the French—an invasion whose effects should be permanent—would be of value incalculable to her inhabitants. But a mere inroad and temporary occupation of the country only serves to embitter their present sufferings. Whenever Poland has been cursed with the entrance of a Russian army, a *commission* of confiscation has been assembled as an ordinary thing—a matter of course. From December 1812, till some time after the Abdication,

* See *Rulhiere*, tom. iii. p. 139; and *An Appeal to the Allies, and the English Nation, in Behalf of Poland*. Harding, London. 1814.

(vide *Appeal*) one of these very legal and beneficent bodies continued to sit at Wilno in judgment upon the conduct of persons owing no allegiance whatever to the Russian Chief, and who would not merely have been justified, but have deserved high panegyric, had they had the power of extirpating that tribunal, and every Russian who had been daring enough to set his unhallowed foot upon Polish ground. The severe FROST which overtook NAPOLEON in 1812, and prevented his standards from waving over the *Kremlin* of St. Petersburg* as they had done over the *Kremlin* of Moscow, was the *avant courier* of fresh disasters to Poland in every shape that rapine can assume. The system of domiciliary inquisition and devouring confiscation was practised, after the retreat of its Protector from the Polish territory, with minute and horrid perfection by the Russian agents, assembled at Wilno in the name of Catharine's grandson. They were five in number,—persons of great experience in their trade. Before these worthies all persons remarkable for their patriotism, known to have received French officers and soldiers with kindness and hospitality, to have contributed by money, provisions, &c. to their sustenance or comfort, or suspected so to have done; in fine, all persons of note and influence not known to be traitors to their country, by their abject and infamous devotion toward her tyrants; were dragged before the inquisition of Wilno, there to be judged and condemned—how must the cheeks of Englishmen burn when they read it—by the slaves of their oppressor—and for what? why for acting like men—like patriots—for acting like KOSCIUSKO, the PULAWSKIS, and KOSAKOWSKI! Like the CONFEDERATES of BARR—the gallant ZAREMBA, and the illustrious PONIA-TOWSKI! Defence was useless. To be accused was to be convicted—to be convicted was to be ruined.

To conclude this hideous part of our subject: since the shameless dismemberment of Poland, a SYSTEM OF RAPINE AND RUIN—of DEPRESSION AND INSULT—has been regularly organized and acted upon toward that unhappy country. That system began with a woman who was a disgrace to her sex—to the rank she *usurped*: nor do we know of any mitigation of the sin effectually and radically performed by *Alexander the Blessed*. Every means has been devised and put into practice to dry up the sources of her prosperity, to blast, to shrivel, and consume. Tyranny has set its wits to work to devastate and *permanently*

* So completely was *Alexandre le Magnanime* persuaded that his capital of the Neva would be *Napoleonised*, that his courage had commanded the furniture of his palace, &c. to be removed to Archangel, whither he was preparing to fly.

impoverish the land upon which it set its fangs—and, acting the part of the *boa constrictor* toward its prey, Russia, after crushing Poland within the countless involutions of her unwieldy despotism, has shed upon her the lubrication of delegated oppression, for a purpose she *now* thinks accomplished—to draw in and swallow by degrees the victim of her cruelty—her treachery. The great men of Poland—her distinguished patriots—have almost all disappeared: and their lands, their property—why, they are Russian. Her merchants, her bankers, her artizans,* are nearly all extirpated: and every thing has been rooted up and destroyed that spoke of Polish freedom and prosperity. Deep, and long, and broad, indeed, are her wounds—but like those of the companions of Muhammed in heaven, the day will come, we trust, “when they shall be resplendent as vermillion, and odoriferous as musk.”

What we have said upon this topic is sufficient to shew that the conclusion of the late war, at any rate, should have been the conclusion of the calamities of Poland: Humanity pleaded for it—Justice demanded it—Prudence counselled it—and the Earth expected it. Crushing and stupendous as have been the effects of the Geryon-like tyranny under which she has withried, still have they not been sufficiently so—and, we think, *never* can be—as, in any degree, to abate that ardent patriotism and thirst for liberty, united with a relentless hatred of his savage tyrants, that burn in the very heart’s core of a true Pole. He is always ready, at the call of any one who has the power of assisting him, to start up in arms for the holy cause of his country—and is profuse of his blood and his treasure† for such a person, in such a cause, to an extent scarcely to be conceived by the eulogists of the *Magnanimous* and *Blessed Alexander*. Always have the Poles been enthusiastically attached to NAPOLEON—always have they clung to his Majesty’s standard as the rallying sign of their nation, “*in prosperity, in adversity, on the field of battle, in council, on the throne, and in EXILE,*” Poles surrounded the imperial person with their unchanged and incorruptible fidelity—their voluntary homage—and life-long obedience. At Friedland they fought for his Imperial Majesty and POLAND! Poniatowski perished at Leipzig in the same cause—Disaster after disaster still found the Poles linked with the destinies of the Emperor—Saxons, Wirtemburghers, Bava-

* See the “*Appeal*.”

† Prince Poniatowski commanded ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POLES under the Emperor. From the Duchy of Warsaw alone his Imperial Majesty obtained nearly TWELVE MILLIONS STERLING in a few months.

rians, deserted the eagles of HIM, who had transformed their *Electors* into *KINGS*—but severest misfortunes only served to display the fidelity of his Polish troops in stronger and more brilliant colours—and—when compelled by the coward treachery of *Ragusa* and *Castiglione* to retire awhile from his August Station—*Poles* accompanied him to, and guarded him in, his temporary retreat.

All this, and its causes, were fully and clearly known to the Russian Ruler. That person must have been aware that the talisman that bound the Poles to NAPOLEON was composed of the two most powerful feelings in the human heart—disdain of an authority forced upon them—and bitter animosity excited by the brutality with which that authority had been exercised. The knowledge of this, combined with the very unsettled and agitated state of France when it ceased to be an Empire—the existence of NAPOLEON, and the possibility of his re-ascending the throne; above all, perhaps, the consideration that the Emperor's dethronement would naturally appear to the Poles as an event fatal to all their hopes of freedom—without considering the strengthened claim—if any thing *could* strengthen their claim—to a full unequivocal restoration of all their rights as a nation—waving all notions of justice, and merely looking upon it as a case in which prudence, expediency, and calculation were to be the arbitrators—we say, that confining ourselves to the mere cold propriety of the thing politically speaking, it was by no means necessary that the Russian ruler should have possessed the genius of a Machiavelli to have seen that the re-union of the mangled members of Poland, and its re-establishment as a sovereign state, was a mere act of decency in the “*Liberators of Europe*”—a thing to be looked for, and entitled to no great praise when performed, but whose omission would be a species of tacit lampoon, the more disgraceful from its being self-inscribed—an act whose non-performance would exasperate the Poles beyond measure, and teach them to look toward ELBA as the KEBLA of their disregarded wishes, and blasted hopes. The misfortunes of NAPOLEON in 1812 re-involved the Poles in all the horrors of an oppression, the more intolerable as it came after a period of comparative liberty. The Abdication of the Emperor ought to have been the prelude to their liberation. This is a sound and indisputable conclusion. It is wisely determined by Providence, that injustice shall lay the foundations of its own disgrace and punishment. Having considered the conduct of Russia towards Poland; having proved that, since the campaign of Moscow, atrocities have been committed on her citizens almost equal to those practised by the agents of

Catharine—we have now only to apply the principles which deduce themselves from a system of tyranny on the one side, and the other of abhorrence. The Poles, after the Abdication, were left to groan under the galling weight of Russian chains—their misery, in all its ramifications, rendered apparently permanent by the very parties who had been preaching the edifying lessons of universal freedom and philanthropy!!—that event which was proclaimed the harbinger of the Millennium, only contributed to confirm a state of things abominable beyond imagination in the sight of HIM, who loveth justice and righteousness—and in whose balance are weighed the Proud Ones of the Earth. What has been the consequence of this glaring aberration already? NAPOLEON returns—and POLAND IS IN ARMS. Yet, strange infatuation! this is the moment in which Alexander deems it politic to give the last blow to any expectations of Polish liberty from him. He declares himself King of Poland! With as much right might he have declared himself King of England. At the very moment when all his forces, and more than all, are required to act against France, he imposes upon himself the absolute necessity of maintaining an immense army in Poland: and, while he forms one of a confederacy professedly arrayed against a sovereign whom he and his coadjutors style an Usurper, gives, himself, a most shocking and ominous example of aggravated usurpation,—a mortal stab to all confidence in the professions of himself and his allies. The present state of Poland is a tower of strength to NAPOLEON. As far as it regards the war, considered between France and Russia, we venture to predict that it will be seen operating with wonderful energy; and that, combined with the deep dissatisfaction on the part of Sweden, sore with the loss of Finland, with the indignation of Denmark on the spoliation of Norway, the insurrectionary spirit of Poland will sow the seeds of a mighty and final ferment, and throw incalculable impediments in the way of the confederates.

We have mentioned the names of Sweden and Denmark. These are subjects of considerable delicacy, and, the first more especially, of an importance not very clearly or generally understood. They are the northern ramparts of Europe; and when it is reflected that the very ticklish state of Holland and Belgium makes it not improbable that the coast of France may, in no long time, be extended to the Texel, it will, we think, be acknowledged by reasonable persons that the adherence of those states to the alliance against NAPOLEON will, in that case, become more dubious than some politicians are at present inclined to admit. How is the Crown Prince of Sweden dis-

posed? Has any thing transpired relative to the debates of the Congress likely to induce serious reflections in the mind of his Royal Highness? Is it *very* probable that he would consider the overthrow of NAPOLEON as an event the best calculated to ensure the throne of Sweden to CHARLES JEAN and his posterity? or is it *perfectly* impossible that he should contemplate an alliance with the Emperor as his only security against the return of Gustavus the *Pilgrim*? The King of Denmark too, we apprehend, is not a person on whose firmness the confederates can put any strong reliance. His Majesty is a prudent gentleman, and may perhaps think it not altogether wise to connect himself too closely with persons through whose excessive benevolence he has been relieved from the fatigue of governing Norway. We cannot, at present, spare either the time or the space that would be required to develop the whole of our speculations on the above interesting personages: but thus much we venture to assert, *viz.* that *whatever* the Brussels, German, and Treasury Journals, may say to the contrary, no Swedish or Danish troops will form part of the allied forces, any more than their ranks will be recruited from the exasperated and insurgent population of Poland.

As far as the RESTORATION regards Russia, we have nothing further material to say. Some points relative to the Ottoman, we might indeed make some observations upon, in conjunction with some other topics which have been the source of a little bickering between the members of the Congress; but, as the RESTORATION appears to promise the settlement of these matters—and each party seems tolerably disposed to make a temporary sacrifice of his claims, in points where they mingle or approximate too closely, to enable them to overcome their former conqueror, we shall postpone their consideration to a period when we shall have it in our power to do them fuller justice, than the mighty themes we are now discussing will possibly allow. We are well aware that there is no portion of our general subject that does not abound with matters of the highest and most interesting nature; but restricted as we are, it is scarcely possible for us to do more than present the reader with a very faint outline of the larger and more imposing features of the political canvass. We shall now consider in what manner Prussia is affected by NAPOLEON's reassumption of the purple.

In the first place, we will make a few general observations. Prussia does not appear destined, either through the national characteristics, geographical position and conformation, or the nature of its government, to make any very important and

dazzling figure on the theatre of Europe. The people (we exclude the Polish part of the population,) are naturally neither vivacious nor reflective, neither enterprising nor solid. They are almost equally strangers to the sober wisdom of age and the heroic ardour of youth. Of their intellectual rank among the nations, we do not conceive ourselves authorised to speak in glowing terms. Compared even with their neighbours of Germany, the Prussians will be found inferior to a people never conspicuous for their genius. Germany is overspread with universities; abounds in schools and seminaries; and, while the names of Schiller, Wieland, and Klopstock, are rather to be mentioned as exquisite exceptions to their general want of imaginative talent, than as splendid instances of their possession of it, it is just to confess, that to the laborious studies, and patient investigation of her physicians, chemists, natural philosophers, and mathematicians, Europe is indebted for a prodigious portion of the knowledge she at present possesses in some of the most useful and profound branches of science. Prussia, on the contrary, if we except Copernicus, has produced no name of extraordinary lustre; nor added much to the literary and scientific treasures of Europe. Neither has she shone in the field of politics, if we exclude the period of the great Frederic's reign, since which she has gradually relapsed into her former political insignificance. The situation and composition of the Prussian territories are any thing but auspicious to plans of national greatness. The extent of coast is small, and its northern position gives it no peculiar advantages, either in a commercial or political point of view. Dantzic, Memel, and a few other places, have, it is true, something like a trade; but the neighbourhood of Holland and the Hanse towns, more especially Hamburgh, must for a long time stand materially in the way of Prussian commerce; and it is only by a very slow progression, and under a civil and not a military government, that any rational expectations can be entertained of seeing Prussia acquire a respectable rank among the commercial nations of Europe. Secondly, there are but few fortified places on the Prussian coast, and the facility with which Russia from the east, or France from the west, (penetrating through Belgium, Holland, Hanover, and Mecklenburg, with as little effectual opposition as heretofore,) could pour their troops into the heart of the country, clearly shews that the very best line of conduct for Prussia to adopt and abide by is, to keep on as good terms as she can with France and Russia, and cautiously avoid betraying a disposition in the least ambitious. Hers should be a modest and retiring policy, for as yet she has

scarcely any of the elements of political grandeur; and the military nature of her government, (which under a sovereign like NAPOLEON, or the GREAT FREDERIC, might force her into factitious and momentary splendour) while it keeps the national energies in humiliating subjection to the despotic will of the monarch, that monarch being by no means martially given, crushes the people without exalting the state; and thus Prussia presents the singular spectacle of a country, in which, though the government is military, the sovereign is unwarlike; a country which, while it should carefully keep aloof from wars, her territory being so penetrable by either of the three great powers, the Empire, Austria, or Russia—is one of the foremost to engage in hostilities, which we have little or no hesitation in predicting will terminate in her utter discomfiture and final dependance on the Empire.

The demeanour of Prussia since the Abdication is stamped with the grossest evidence of unprincipled ambition—the most unequivocal testimonies of pusillanimous rapacity. The conduct of Russia—*firstly*, in not immediately confirming to Poland the liberty bestowed by NAPOLEON; and, *secondly*, in decreeing her perpetual slavery, under the insulting pretence of erecting her into a separate kingdom—was certainly bad enough, and alone sufficient to prove how insincere was the worship ostensibly rendered at the shrine of Freedom by the youngest, least hackneyed, and, at the same time, one of the most powerful of the confederated “*Liberators*;” but it was left to Prussia to shew how very possible it was to present fresh examples of usurpation, at the very moment of anathematizing its *asserted* practice in France; and while declaiming against the tyranny and ambition of NAPOLEON, to meditate one of the most flagrant violations of ordinary justice with which the page of history is stained. Instead of beginning the work of Restoration, instead of abandoning her iniquitous hold of Poland; unwarned by the general manifestation among the nations of the new political lights which, while they aided the war against NAPOLEON, the rulers themselves had been so zealous in diffusing, Prussia laid almost an immediate claim to new acquisitions of territory, and not content with having aided in the murder of Polish Freedom, was eager to distinguish herself as the assassin of SAXON Independence. When the *period* at which this shocking attack upon the most sacred rights of a whole people took place is duly considered; when it is considered after what *events*, and by what *party*, it has been consummated; a more disgusting, and cold-blooded infraction of all the principles of right cannot possibly be imagined. The con-

federates had set forth in their proclamations that they fought for Universal Liberty—for the re-establishment of virtuous principles, and the restoration of all their rights to every nation of Europe; for this professed purpose they cross the Rhine, after consecrating their declaration in the presence of heaven; by accident or TREACHERY their point is carried; and, NAPOLEON dethroned, they assemble at Vienna to realize, so the world expects, the promises so solemnly and sacredly given—such is the *period* in which Prussia resolves, with the consent of the other parties, to crush the freedom of Saxony as she had helped to crush that of Poland, and to self-adjudicate the *whole* of her territory with the consent of the “*wisest, most intelligent and virtuous*” of plenipotentiaries, the politest of ambassadors, and the cream of ministerial talent, morality, and magnanimity,—the British Ulysses—my Lord Viscount Castlereagh. An additional act of atrocity is imparted to this very vile act, when it is reflected that the desertion of the Saxons at the battle of Leipzig gave the first great turn in favour of the confederate chiefs, enabled them to penetrate into France, and by a closer communication with *Ragusa*, so to profit by the perfidy, now clear as the noon-day sun, of that liege-servant of Napoleon, as to venture under the walls of Paris so utterly unprovided with cannon, ammunition, &c. that had that person performed his duty to his country, “*France, in 1814, must have become the grave of her devastators.*”

It is not easy to describe the accumulated injustice that distinguished the usurpation of Saxony—at least the usurpation of the *better half* of that kingdom—that the whole has not been sacrificed, is evidently to be ascribed solely to an imaginary policy. Now what is the pretence, at once feeble and insulting, upon which this spoliation is founded? why, that the SOVEREIGN of SAXONY, endowed with the REGAL TITLE by the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, and in various other ways greatly indebted to that monarch’s generosity, has always been zealously active in the cause of his illustrious benefactor, and embraced every possible opportunity of evincing his gratitude. Thus an Independent monarch is to have half his dominions wrested from him for the exercise of that undoubted right which, in his sovereign capacity he possesses, of forming alliances with foreign powers, and preserving that line of policy, which he deems, rightly or not, the most advantageous to his states, and the most honourable to himself—for not quitting HIM whom it would have been infamous to desert—for not breaking every tie of honour—every bond of obligation—and joining a confederacy against a monarch who had been his political creator. Really, when we

reflect who is the party profiting, or expecting to profit, by this act of oppression, and who are those through whose unrepugnant acquiescence alone it could have been perpetrated, with whose solemn and deliberate consent it *has* been committed,* our whole mind is divided between horror and ridicule. But says Prussia, "True it is that we and our allies have been fighting for the INDEPENDENCE OF EUROPE—a charming hoax to be sure—and by the adroit management of that alluring phrase, and a little dash of treachery, have, *at last*, succeeded in dethroning the sovereign to whose forbearance we all owe *our* crowns. To shew the deep sense we entertained of his generosity, we deprived him of *his*, and, to prove to the whole world how magnanimous, consistent, and liberal we were, refrained from burning Paris, because it would have infallibly lighted us to destruction; entered into a regular treaty with NAPOLEON as EMPEROR, immediately after we had declared in the face of all Europe that we would have nothing to say to "NAPOLEONE Buonaparté;" and guaranteed to our former conqueror—him to whom we owe every league of our territories—the secure and sovereign possession of the mighty and magnificent Elba. Now, having accomplished the *main* part of our precious scheme, let us set to work, and see what we can do with Napoleon's *Allies*. It is necessary, however, dear colleagues, to use as much circumspection in our plans as possible—for, to further the execution of our darling scheme, the French Emperor's overthrow, we were compelled to resort to the catechism of Liberty for arguments against a Republican Hero—and with what a grace those delightful doctrines issued from our imperial and royal mouths—how dexterously we kept POLAND, and Finland, and Hanover, &c. &c. out of sight, all the nations can tell. *Could* any thing be more entertaining than to behold three of the most despotic rulers in Christendom (persons who had been all their lives fighting against liberty, and striving to war down all liberal thinking) making wry faces against NAPOLEON, for his—*tyranny over tyrants*—and setting up a *hue and cry*—do not laugh, my August Friends!—about "Liberty and Independence, and the rights of nations." A fine game it certainly was, and Europe was never, perhaps, bamboozled in such a high style before. If we can but contrive to make the drama conclude as brilliantly as it began, we shall do tolerably well; and provide for the security of our thrones for, at least, a century to come. To manage this cleverly, we must profess

* See the King of Saxony's Letter of indignant and mournful Renunciation in the *Morning Chronicle* of June 13th, 1815.

to act upon the same beautiful principles that have enabled us to assemble in this gay and elegant city; the focus of German urbanity, German honesty, and German morality. Now, listen! NAPOLEON is overthrown, and his allies must, as many as we can get within our clutches, share the same fate—that is a settled point. But, we *must* seem to act in conformity with our former declarations, and pay a *nominal* respect to the principles we have been so loudly proclaiming during the past year, for the people of Europe are becoming inconveniently sagacious, and our usurpations must have as little the air of tyrannic seizure as possible. You will better understand me, perhaps, if I keep to the point in which I am so justly and peculiarly interested, and, comprehending the manner in which I propose to appropriate to myself the dominions of his Saxon Majesty—if the whole so much the better—you will probably do me the honour to establish it as the model of your own illustrious designs. Saxony is a great favourite with me—is a fine country—productive and populous—full of all sorts of things agreeable to a Brandenburg palate, and is, besides, conveniently situate for my political purposes—then, too, the services rendered to our cause by the Saxons themselves call out aloud for a recompense proportionate to the benefit received; they have been fighting with us for the re-establishment of—*Freedom!* and the cause in which they combated clearly shows the nature of the reward to which they are entitled:—*they* fought for *freedom*, but their *sovereign* fought for NAPOLEON. Let NAPOLEON's fate, then, be the fate of FREDERIC-AUGUSTUS, and let Saxony be incorporated with the states of Frederic-William. Then will she participate the united blessings of a *paternal government*, Prussian philanthropy, and Liberty, (in whose honour I intend to erect a temple at Warsaw, with the concurrence of my august allies of Russia and Austria). By a declaration embracing these points—praising to the skies the zeal and devoted courage displayed by the Saxons in the *Good Cause*, and inveighing bitterly against their monarch as the partisan of NAPOLEON and despotism, I expect to *so* delude the whole people as that they shall almost *solicit* the union upon which, allow me to say, I am irrevocably determined. Such is the way, August Friends, in which I propose to act with Saxony—a mode perfectly in harmony with all our former proceedings, and than which I do not think yourselves can adopt a better with respect to some other states which I apprehend you are anxious to include within the boundaries of your own free and admirably-governed dominions. The ruin of the Saxon Monarch, besides, is an essential part of our general

plan. As a monarch by *birth*, we might, indeed, have been inclined to treat him with lenity—but then his staunch adherence to NAPOLEON, a Sovereign sprung from, and ELECTED by, the PEOPLE, alters the case; renders him an object of extreme abhorrence to all *legimates*, and points him out as absolutely unfit to continue a member of the *Corps*. The *People* indeed! what have we to do, what have we ever *had* to do with the *People*. It is all very well to lead them in a noose, and occasionally drop into their ears a few words about “*Freedom*,” and “*justice*,” and “*morality*,” when they serve any temporary purpose of our own—but I need not inform you, August Friends! that all we understand, or ever shall understand, by those terms is, that their seasonable employment enables us to rivet faster those chains of slavery which we have so happily bound round the limbs of our respective subjects—to commit acts of the grossest and most wanton injustice, at the very moment we are professing the most edifying reverence for upright principle—and to practise, with a grace that is the offspring of long habit, the most revolting immoralities, while the eulogiums of our own virtue are vibrating on our tongues. Let us be faithful to ourselves, and one another, and there can be little doubt but that this interesting system may be established upon very firm foundations. The conduct of our illustrious ancestors toward POLAND must be the model of ours. Why was that country dismembered? why, *but* because, though a *kingdom*, the monarchy was *elective*. Had it been an *hereditary* royalty, the scheme of partition would never have been conceived: but that there should exist in Europe a splendid throne open to the pretensions of popular candidates, was a thing quite as provoking to, and as little to be endured by, our august and *righteous* progenitors, the *then* legitimates, as the establishment of the BUONAPARTE DYNASTY in France, and Spain, and Holland, and Italy, and Germany, was lately to us hereditaries—so Poland and her constitution were deliberately immolated on the ALTAR of LINEAL ROYALTY, and the political fears of their imperial and regal assassins, quieted in the life-blood of liberty. WE, guided by the same just and luminous principles, may reasonably expect as favourable an issue to our plans—*plan* I should have said, for all of us have but *one* object, to keep the people immersed in thoughtless slavery. Have we not already accomplished mighty things by proceeding upon the grounds that I recommend for our future conduct. Have not we, despots in grain, by proclaiming ourselves the champions of Freedom, overthrown the first and greatest of her sons, and restored to their thrones all the disseized sovereigns of the fine

old school—and if for a while *policy* bids us *half*-acknowledge Murat and Bernadotte, no doubt can exist but that the “*Liber-
ties of Europe*,” will furnish some very rational and popular pre-
texts for depriving those obnoxious personages, the one of his
crown, and the other of his royal heir-apparency—But to return,
August Friends! to the point: Saxony, all or part, I *must* have
—FREDERIC-AUGUSTUS’ union with NAPOLEON has been pro-
ductive of two great benefits to us—to myself, I mean. It has
in *effect*, struck him from the Royal Roll, and thereby freed us
from all necessity and inclination to respect the integrity or in-
dependence of his dominions, and at the same time, by involv-
ing him in the odium we artfully raised against the French
sovereign, allows me to gratify my ambition and hatred against
the Saxon monarch, by reducing him to political insignificance
—an act as deserving of applause, and therefore as likely to
procure it, as the dethronement of a potentate whom we had
all repeatedly and humbly recognized—and to whose imper-
ial mercy, in the moment of boundless and shattering victory—
Austria *twice*, after her defeats at AUSTERLITZ and WAGRAM—
Russia after the *knock-up* at FRIEDLAND, and myself after the
same battle—we ALL stood indebted for the opportunity of re-
turning his generous forbearance by wresting from him his
diadem, and granting to our Benefactor, a retreat in an in-
sular portion of his own dominions.”

Are we unjust in supposing the above to represent with tole-
rable accuracy the policy of Prussia toward Saxony, as well as the
great outline of that adopted by the Congress, conjunctively and
individually? Incontestibly, No. We are contented to abide by
the result of a rigid and impartial scrutiny into the conduct of
the confederates, subsequent to the Abdication, and up to the
present time, for the confirmation of all our observations upon
their *practice* as contrasted with their *professions*. False as we
sincerely believe were all their charges against NAPOLEON—
though neither *so* false nor foolish as those now advanced in jus-
tification of a Liberticide War—yet we do think, that having
gained their declared object, no league of which history makes
mention ever stood upon so high and commanding an elevation
in the sight of a world deceived into admiration and applause.
Oh, *had* they, thus exhibited to the nation in the assumed ma-
jesty of righteousness, maintained the demeanour which till
then, and while success was dubious, they affected—*had* they
proved to all by their *actions* the sincerity of their promises, it
is not extravagant to assume that they might have realised the
panegyric too hastily bestowed, made the globe resound with
songs of happiness and gratitude, and, while they sealed the

Great Charter of Human Freedom and felicity, established their thrones upon basements of adamant. Glorious indeed beyond description might they have shone—Monarchs of the Earth by the suffrages of universal man. For the communities of her four continents would with one movement and voice have rallied round Beings so incomparably August—Beings who, in the moment of unexpected victory, remembered their engagements with united nations, and descending from their cars of triumph, cast their laurelled diadems on the Shrine of Popular Right, and were content to trust their ELECTION to the gratitude of a consenting world! But, no—this was *morally* impossible—the Continent knows but one Monarch proud to sway his people through their free, uninfluenced choice—the continent contains but one People great enough to exercise that choice. And upon the subject of the Old Dynasties of Europe, we deem ourselves perfectly justified in stating it as our most decided opinion—and it is sanctioned by almost every proceeding of the confederates since the Abdication; by the confirmed and regalized slavery of POLAND on the part of Russia; by the usurpation on that of Austria of LOMBARDY; by the unconstitutional changes in the government of HOLLAND; by the horrors and abominations of the Spanish *Capet*, so worthy a man who reckons among his ancestors the Revocator of the Edict of Nantes, and by him whose consent were perpetrated the Pandemonian atrocities of St. Bartholomew; lastly, by the dismemberment of SAXONY on the part of Prussia; acts nearly the whole of which have been committed *since* the Restoration of NAPOLEON, and carried into effect by means *wholly military*—we repeat that it is our most decided opinion, sanctioned as it is by these numerous and mighty violations of the plainest principles of justice and humanity, that it is not merely vain, but ridiculous, to expect from the Old Dynasties of the Continent, any the slightest advances toward the establishment of *Real Liberty*—that it is worse than weak—it is downright madness—to indulge the remotest hope that from *them* any act can proceed, having for its motive a generous, we should have said *just*, regard for the People—that it is merely the evidence of a deranged intellect to suppose for an instant that they ever *were* or *will be* actuated by any feeling or sentiment that the advocates of Freedom ought to appreciate otherwise than as in direct and deathless opposition to the cause of sound and rational liberty.

We should apologise for this digression, did we not feel substantially convinced that our readers will be readily disposed to excuse the deviation, and join in the justice of reflections extorted, wrung from us by the scenes, beyond description hideous,

that have been exhibited to the eyes of outraged humanity, during the period that has elapsed since the Abdication. Having, we conceive, fairly argued the case of Saxony, it only remains for us to observe, that next to **POLAND**, the dismemberment of that unhappy kingdom is the event that seems to augur the most disastrously to the cause of the confederates. Of the feelings of the Saxons themselves respecting that unholy deed, no doubt can, we think, be entertained by the most determined espouser of the proceedings of the allied parties. Has not Blucher been chased through the streets of Liege by the Saxon grenadiers?—Has it not been found absolutely necessary to disband those gallant men?—Have not fifteen hundred of that indignant soldiery been exiled to *Siberian dungeons*? And is it not a fact, clear as that the sun is the centre of our system, that the whole mass of the Saxon army is in a state of revengeful fermentation?—Has not representation after representation been made to the Congress of Vienna by the Saxon people of the extreme abhorrence with which they viewed the intended spoliation of their country? And do they not, now that it is consummated, exclaim with one voice of horror against a deed, whose worst precedent is the Partition of Poland? And if such are the feelings of the nation previous to the actual commencement of hostilities, is it rational to expect that, the war begun, it will be possible to restrain their open manifestation? Will not every Saxon soldier, disdaining to serve under the standard of his own and his country's oppressor, eagerly arrange himself under the banners of France? Will not insurrections spread over the whole surface of the country? Yes. When the Gonfalon of NAPOLEON floats in the Allemannic breezes of the Rhine, then will the shouts of Saxon independence ring through the skies of Germany—mingling with those of Polish freedom—the advent of the Emperor will have the same effect upon the Saxons and Poles, as a comet produces upon the planets it approaches; both nations will burst into fierce and universal insurgency. Then will Prussia and her allies wish, how vainly! that the integrity of Poland and Saxony, and the imprescriptible rights of their people had never been infringed—that they had made a better use of the power they had acquired since the campaign of Moscow:—in fine—that they had not rendered it impossible for the Emperor NAPOLEON to come forward as the Champion of Freedom, and the Redresser of Wrongs.

Here we should conclude *this* portion of our general subject, did not one point remain to be mentioned, upon which *we* feel peculiarly indignant. It is one which, we believe, has not

been touched upon in a proper manner, by any of those who have either written or spoken upon the subject. We do confess that with respect to the unlimited consent which it is understood the *British* plenipotentiary gave to the dismemberment of Saxony, our emotions are of the most painful and revolting nature. Himself a native of a free country, how imperiously was it his duty to remonstrate against that shocking measure, when it was *first* mentioned in his presence! How loudly called for by *BRITISH HONOUR*, that in a convocation of despots, the Representative of England, at least, should firmly and indoesinently have opposed the carrying into effect so enormous a violation of the Rights of Nations. This consideration alone would be sufficient to warrant the severest reprehensions of the part which the English ambassador is understood, upon firmer foundations* than any furnished merely by the vagueness of report, to have performed in this very flagrant infringement of all political, all *moral* justice. But the transaction receives, in our eyes at least, an additional aggravation when we recollect the *hereditary* and *natural* connection between Saxony and England—a connection, politically speaking, of a nature resembling that of the closest and dearest subsisting between individuals—the connection of parent and offspring. In our *first* war with America, one of the points on which the then ministry and their partizans were fondest of harping, as one of those which represented the Republicans in the most obnoxious light, was the unnatural temper of the Americans which impelled them into a sanguinary contest with the *Mother-country*; and no execrations were deemed too violent to be used against men who could thus basely and impenitently transgress a bond of such strict and sacred relationship. Nay, this very argument has been employed during the *late* conflict with the United States, nor was it supposed to have lost any portion of its original potency, though, and it is important to mark this, the country against which it was so vehemently levelled, had emerged from the horrors of a war, waged against her upon principles now universally confessed to have been purely oppressive, into a state of solid, aye, and splendid independence—her fair and ample front inwreathed with the brightest evergreen of Freedom, and her large and luxuriant locks dancing sweetly in the breezes of prosperity. And yet, at the very moment that the ministerial prints were heaping abuse

* See the letter, dated 11th October, 1814, from Viscount Castlereagh to Prince D'Hardenburgh, on the then projected and now completed spoliation of Saxony.

on the Republic, and striving to revive against her this *Butean* stigma, was the ambassador of Britain recording with his own hand, his perfect willingness to subscribe a document, whose object was the political annihilation of an independent state—**THE MOTHER-COUNTRY OF THE KINGDOM OF WHICH HE WAS THE REPRESENTATIVE!!** Still amid the gloom with which the formal, published acquiescence of Britain to this alarming inroad upon morality—this appalling sacrifice to the powers of sin—one brilliant gleam of consolation sends its soul-cheering light: never can we sufficiently rejoice that the HAND, which IN THE NAME OF BRITAIN was prepared to SIGN THE DEED OF SAXON DISMEMBERMENT, WAS NOT THE HAND OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

How is Austria affected by the RESTORATION? And are there, or are there not, circumstances which render her *effectual* adhesion to the cause of the confederates doubtful—even though she should not embrace an early opportunity of entering into an *open* alliance with the Emperor? We do not propose to detain the reader long upon these points, as the decision of the first depends upon this simple question—Has she, since the Abdication, acted like Russia and Prussia, or has she not? And the solution of the second will only require a few words on the FAMILY CONNEXION—her hopes and fears of France as opposed to her fears and hopes of Russia—and the probability that her conduct may, in a considerable degree, be influenced by the idea that a league with France is more auspicious to her interests than the aiding and abetting a confederacy against that state.

In the first place, we think that it must be obvious to every rational observer, that the situation of Francis after the Abdication was one of a singularly delicate nature, and requiring a mode of conduct declarative of the purest political principle. However lamely the case had been made out; he *had* joined the Alliance against the EMPEROR from a professed belief that his ambition was so boundless and dangerous to the *Independence of Europe*, that it became a duty, imperative upon every sovereign of the continent, and *most* imperative upon himself, as the nominal head of her states, to lend his utmost efforts to bar the progress of a power aiming at universal dominion through the subversion of every independent realm. This is the basis he assumed for all his proceedings against a monarch who had twice spared *his* capital, and whose marriage with his daughter had elevated her to the rank of *Empress*. Surely a junction with NAPOLEON's enemies, even to the extent originally professed, *viz.* the *circumscription*

of a sovereignty too vast for the peace and liberty of neighbouring states—would have demanded on the part of Francis the most punctilious deference to principles in support of which he so loudly and solemnly proclaimed himself to have joined the confederacy against his SON-IN-LAW. It would, we think, have been universally expected in case the war had succeeded only thus far, and NAPOLEON's authority, in consequence, been bounded by the limits of France, that, however the other powers might have borne themselves, AUSTRIA, at all events, would have exhibited herself in an attitude of unambitious magnanimity, and maintained to the last a demeanor suitable to a state *compelled* into hostility for the defence of every thing valuable and sacred in the eyes of nations. If, then, such would have been the line of conduct incumbent upon Francis to have pursued, had he leagued himself with the other powers simply for the purpose of reducing the authority of NAPOLEON within just bounds, how much stronger did the necessity become of preserving a perfect disinterestedness of character, after he had lent his sanction to an act that deprived NAPOLEON of his throne. Nothing selfish, nothing grasping, nothing that even malignity herself could have fastened upon, should have stained the steps of him, who to secure, as he said, or as was said for him, the repose and freedom of Europe, had consented to sacrifice the interests of a monarch to whom he was bound by ties so strict and endearing. Of all the powers that appeared under the walls of Paris, upon none was there so absolute and solemn an obligation to comport himself with an undeniable mien of justice as Francis of Austria—upon none was there self-imposed so sacred a prohibition against the enlargement of his states;—lest it should be said—that he confederated against his SON-IN-LAW for the mere gratification of an ambition in direct breach of his professions; and that to acquire a few leagues of territory he violated at once the duties of nature, and contemned the claims of relationship.

The part, then, which, after the Abdication, it was incumbent upon Austria to perform, must be too evident to require farther observation. But, added to the exhibition of disinterestedness, should have been that of a noble and generous policy. ITALY was the field in which the liberal and lofty mind of a great Prince, situate like Francis, with regard to that illustrious country, would have discerned an ample field for the display of an ambition worthy the wearer of the Augustan diadem. Since the division of Italy into petty *hereditary* states and despotic principalities, she has gradually sunk into wretch-

edness and ruin; and notwithstanding the beauty of her climate, the fertility of her soil, the bravery and talents of her sons, their aptitude for all species of intellectual and bodily exertion, and the favourable situation of the country for commercial enterprize, the debasing effects of the grinding and comminuting tyranny under which she has writhed during centuries, in junction with the lazy and pestilential despotism of the Priest of Rome and his creatures, have reduced the Patrimony of the Cæsars—the birth-place of Camillus and JUNIUS-BRUTUS—of Lucretius and Virgil—of Tasso and Ariosto—to a state scarcely superior to that of a Turkish province. Some casual gleams of brightness, have, certainly, shot from time to time, athwart the lugubrious vapours that have so long obscured the splendour of her political sky; but these—emanating from transient sources—the goodness, for example, of one of the Medici, or a Duke of Florence—were of course ineffectual to the affecting any thing in the shape of permanent or general prosperity. Since the French Revolution, Italy, released from the clutches of German despotism and the fangs of Romish priestcraft, had begun to rear her head among the nations; and the erection of the country into a kingdom, swayed by an Italian Hero, (*which produced an embassy of congratulation from Francis*) constituting Italy an integral state, and establishing the CODE-NAPOLÉON from *Lago Maggiore* to the *Straits of Messina*, (for in the kingdom of Naples, as well as the rest of the country, was that Code established) at once gave her resplendency abroad, and felicity at home. The Abdication replunged her into the abyss from which the patriotic ambition of the Emperor had rescued her; her situation after that event, resembled that of Poland, after the retreat of NAPOLÉON, and the line of conduct which we pointed out as proper to have been pursued by Russia toward the latter country, was the one chalked out by every sentiment of generosity and even policy to Francis in regard to Italy. Instead of this, he *has* acted toward the anxious, indignant Italians as the Ruler of Russia *has* comported himself toward the Poles. From like causes proceed like effects—a *similibus similia*—and we venture to give it as our opinion, that in case Austria *does* proceed to extremities against the Empire, the kingdom of Lombardy, as Upper Italy is nicknamed, will be one of the countries toward which NAPOLÉON will direct the early march of his armies, certain of being there received with an enthusiasm proportioned to the oppression exercised by him upon whom so many causes pressed to stand forward as a powerful champion of her independence and rights.

The Family-Connection between the Empire and Austria contains the embryo principle of discord between the confederates, and renders it more than probable that the league against France will not long continue to enumerate Francis among its members. The situation of things is so very different now to what it was at the period of the Abdication, that no certain dependence can be placed in the continued and effective co-operation of Austria with the Allies. NAPOLEON's marriage with the Arch-Duchess Marie-Louise was a masterpiece of policy, fatal to the hopes of the Bourbons, and highly auspicious to the New Dynasty. The Hapsburgh Family had long been accustomed to look to the *Royal House* of France for nuptial alliances with their own; and this disposition was eagerly encouraged by the Capets, as at once gratifying to their own pride, and increasing the influence they had acquired through the Family-Compact brought about by the Fourteenth Lewis. This bond, however, was severed by the axe of the Revolution, and as even the Bourbons who escaped its edge were politically dead, it became impossible to renew with *them* connections formed upon principles simply political. The Family-Alliance seemed destroyed for ever; when the establishment of the French Empire, and the tremendous triumphs of its sovereign, turned the eyes of Austria again toward France, and made her desirous of forming a Family-Connection with a Potentate, whose union with one of her Princesses would not only gratify her titular pride, but tend to secure her from the ambitious attempts of neighbouring states, and preserve her from the dreadful effects of those arms whose overwhelming energies she had repeatedly experienced. NAPOLEON, on the other hand, had a double reason for wishing that such an alliance should take place: 1st, his first marriage had not been fruitful—and there was no lineal heir to the diadem; and, 2dly, an union with the first of the Sovereign European Families would not only invest his throne with additional splendour, but secure the ready co-operation of Austria in all his ulterior plans; and in case of great unexpected reverses, prove a strong bulwark against the overthrow of his power. Such, we conceive, is a reasonable exposition of the motives, on each side, inductive of the Family-Connection; and though, if the last reason we have ascribed to NAPOLEON be correct, it must be allowed that he was considerably mistaken, we cannot but think that the Treaty of Fontainebleau owed much of its favourable aspect (favourable we call it, when considered with regard to the then existing state of affairs) to his relationship with the House of Hapsburgh; and we are firmly persuaded, (notwithstanding Francis' did, at

length, consent with a reluctance merely selfish, to NAPOLEON's *Décheance*,) that many articles of that Treaty, such as the Sovereignty of ELBA, Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, the retention of the Titles, &c. are rationally and solely to be placed to the account of the Family-Connection. This Connection will, we conceive, still operate materially to NAPOLEON's advantage. That his daughter should be Empress of the French, must be an object of some importance in the sight of Francis—an object of *considerable* importance. There is but little doubt, besides, in our mind, that the timid nature of Francis, who has seen his armies drop away, as by enchantment, before the sword of NAPOLEON—who has witnessed, even in that monarch's reverses, how great were his resources—and who *knows* that Treachery alone, a treachery that neither himself nor his allies can hope will again occur, threw the shield between the confederates, and destruction, when (separated from their stores, parks of artillery, ammunition, &c.) they drew up under the walls of Paris—we repeat, that we have but little doubt, the timid nature of Francis, recollecting these things, seeing, as he must, that the power of NAPOLEON is, for all legitimate purposes, re-established on firmer foundations than formerly, and dreading that revenge which, in case of the Emperor's success, would fall more heavily upon himself than his allies—will shrink from a contest, which though even it should terminate unfavourably for France, contains no principle auspicious to his interests. It may be said, that on the fidelity of Francis we have a potent reason for relying, as his possession of those parts of Italy, which have been erected into the *Lombard Kingdom* depends, so may it be said, on his first and effectual union with the other members of the confederacy. To those who feel inclined to nourish in their bosoms this consoling hope, we answer: *FIRSTLY*, that the mind of Francis is, by all that we can gather, by no means of that heroic structure which would dispose him to brave any imminent peril, and risk the utter crippling of his power, simply with the view of retaining a dominion so frail and insecure, as that which he at present holds in Italy—a dominion no longer tenable than while it is maintained by the presence of an overwhelming military: *SECONDLY*, that, timely negotiation with, and adhesion to, NAPOLEON will probably secure to him his Italian Reign as effectually as would his arms, and at far less cost and hazard. Beyond Lombardy he has no interest that we can discover, at all likely to be promoted by the war, and as this can be arranged as much to his satisfaction by leaguering with as against his Son-in-law, we conceive his secession

from the confederacy to be more than probable—and surely it will not be advanced *against* our position, that by the re-acknowledgment of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, he will be relieved from the necessity of investing his daughter with the states stipulated for in the Treaty of Fontainebleau. Then, too, we become more and more strengthened in our opinion, when we recollect the natural jealousy with which Austria must ever regard Russia—(a jealousy which the complete dissolution of the *Germanic Empire* must have vastly increased) and the suspicious eye with which, in all probability, she views the enlargement of the Prussian dominions. Neither should the tardiness with which she transmitted her ratification of the late Treaties pass without observation, any more than the frequent mention in the Paris Journals of the passing and repassing of couriers between France and Austria. Dispassionate minds will weigh these things, and the more seriously they attend to them, the more likely, we are convinced, it is that their conclusions will resemble our own.

We have now considered the RESTORATION in respect to its connection with the principal monarchies of the Continent. To analyze its effects, present or hereafter, upon the minor states would be impossible in the very few pages left to us. Two states we have refrained from speculating upon, viz. Turkey and Spain. The *first* is almost a stranger in the European system, and the *second* is actually, in every thing constituting the power and greatness of a nation, below the level of many of the lesser communities of the Continent.

In the Ottoman Empire the restoration of NAPOLEON has probably excited very little notice; the *government* may, indeed, view it as an event favourable to the interests of the Sultanry; and behold in the reinthronement of the Conqueror of Egypt the visible interference of the God of Muhammed, to rescue the dominions of the Faithful from the *Giaours* of Russia; but we are persuaded that upon the *people* it has had little or no influence; and that they regard it simply as they would one of those revolutions with which their own history is so amply diversified. They see in NAPOLEON a great warrior—a species of Christian Orchan—and as such, he, in their eyes, deserves the station which he has attained. They have an odd sort of notion that a Sovereign ought to be able to defend his people and himself; and if he do this, they are inclined to pass over without censure, if not to hail with applause, a good deal of behaviour which we should feel disposed to call tyrannic, and strive to put an end to. But our notions of birth, and

hereditary royalty, they scarcely comprehend,* and into the spirit of our Lord Castlereagh's whimsical distinctions between the Dynasty of *Bourbon*, and the *Bonaparte* Dynasty they do not, unquestionably, enter. The RESTORATION is in their sight nothing more than a transfer of authority.

Spain, since the discovery and colonization of Southern America, has gradually from a high state of greatness, sunk to a condition the most abject that can well be conceived. The bigotted despotism which has characterized the government ever since the reign of the Fifth Charles, gave the first great blow to her prosperity, and led to the cruel and mad expulsion of the Moorish population by his grandson, a measure that inflicted so deep a wound on the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests of Spain, and the effects of which are deeply graven on her uncultivated plains, and mournfully manifested in the ruin of the useful arts, and the decay, almost to annihilation, of her trade. The two evils that have produced this wretchedness, and crushed the lofty spirit of the noble Spanish Nation into subjection to their foreign rulers, are Superstition and Tyranny—a Tyranny so noxious, that where it reigns, there is deracinated, withered, and absolutely scorched up every art, occupation, and pursuit that speaks of man as an intelligent and reasoning being—a Superstition so baneful and benumbing, that the land over which it spreads its dull terrors, is blasted with instant imbecility, and stupefied into the very vilest species of slavery. This government, with all its train of disastrous abominations, would have ceased with the establishment of JOSEPH-NAPOLÉON on the Spanish Throne—this government has been reinstated by one of the freest nations of Europe, whose armies are at present engaged in supporting principles directly adverse to those upon which their own government is settled, and which is now under excitement to overthrow the *elected* constitutional sovereign of the French, simply for the purpose of replacing upon the Throne of France a Family who have always been their bitterest enemies, and who helped to rob their Prince of his American dominions—a member of which with impertinent reluctance at length condescended to acknowledge William the *elected* monarch of England—a family whose present head stipulated for what we conceive would have terminated in the perpetuation of the Slave-Trade—abolished, and for it may Heaven reward him! by the head of the *French Guelphs*—a family, in fine, who in the character of *French Stuarts*, are the sworn and hereditary enemies of liberty wheresoever they may meet the evidence of her existence;

* “*We Moslems reck not much of blood.*”—Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos*.

and whom reason and feeling, and memory and anticipation ought to render obnoxious for ever in the eyes of Englishmen. Spain, too, is writhing under a *Bourbon*, and Naples is *restored* to a gentleman of the same family: upon the horrors which, by referring to former events, we entertain no doubt have already signalized the return of the latter person, we forbear expatiating—and the follies and wickedness of the Spanish Ruler are too universally known and appreciated to require proof or amplification. That he is *despised* as well as hated—that the sentiment with which he is regarded by the *Spanish People* is compounded of the extremes of contempt and execration—we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be our firm belief. So far are we from imagining that either *he* is able, or the *nation* willing, to co-operate with the confederates, that we think his throne is tottering to its base; and that the People, enlightened by their experience, and goaded by their sufferings, will look in the conduct of the French People for a model for their own, and magnanimously resolve to free themselves from the scathing despotism that is daily stinging the temples, and shrivelling the vitals, of Bourbon-governed Spain.

We must now bring this article to a conclusion; and shall merely indulge ourselves in stating our opinion respecting the MORAL effect of the RESTORATION on the general interests of Europe at large, the *Fifth* point of view in which we proposed to consider it.

We take it for granted as a cardinal fact, that there is not one of the old established governments of the Continent that is not deformed by abuses of the most alarming description. All monarchies have a natural tendency to despotism, and our own constitution, by the provisions it contains in the second and third branches of legislature for checking this bias in the first, proves that our opinion is sanctioned by the authority of the most venerable names in English History. By thus guarding against the establishment of despotism in England, our illustrious ancestors proved that they viewed in such a government, the germs of national abasement and destruction. Their ideas are ours. Now it is notorious that all the governments of Europe, excepting those of England and France, are absolute monarchies—in clearer terms, are *despotisms*. In a limited monarchy the Prince, should he even be tyrannically given, will yet, if he be not stupid or misled by a headstrong and base ambition, suppress such an inclination, and keep within the bounds marked out to him by the constitution. If he infringe them, and pass the Rubicon of the Law Politic, for awhile he may trample on the bond he has broken, and like Cæsar, insult the people whose rights he has violated,

but will, like him, perish at the profaned altar of national freedom. A limited monarchy, then, like that of England or France, contains a popular principle sufficiently strong, either to preserve it from violation, or if it be violated, powerful enough to work its renovation. But in a despotic government, no principle of a restrictive or restorative nature can by any possibility exist—and it follows, by consequence, that in such a government, that *the passions and ambition of the Prince are the sole criteria of public measures*; as ambition is, in itself, an enormous evil, and the passions prone to vice, it is generally to be inferred, that the measures of a man surrounded by base and eager panders to the inclinations of a master already intoxicated by the possession of so monstrous a power, will be the result of his worst and most powerful propensities—and will, consequently, be vicious and tyrannic.

Such are the inevitable effects of despotic power, and all the great governments of Europe, England and France excluded, are despotic. The inference is plain. Men naturally hate tyranny when they see and feel it as such. They reflect, they demur, they resist. Knowledge is the great enemy of Oppression, and in proportion as the first is diffused, the strength of the latter is diminished. Since the French Revolution, political curiosity and enquiry have taken a more active and extensive sweep than they had embraced for ages. In nothing has this been more clearly shown than in the ground which the continental despots were compelled to assume in the last war against NAPOLEON. By representing him as an ambitious tyrant, the triumph of tyranny was for awhile secured. But the plans and partitions of the Congress of Vienna must, surely, have opened the eyes of Europe to the real views of that assembly; and the Will of the French People, so decidedly manifested in the RESTORATION of NAPOLEON, and his establishment as a limited monarch (like the King of England) on a throne from which the Bourbons are a *second* time solemnly barred, must, we think, have produced an amazing and salutary shock through the whole intellectual surface of the Continent. Hitherto in almost all political transactions, *action*, at least on the part of the people, has preceded *meditation*. Now we think that *meditation* will precede *action*. Suffering and disappointment have engendered thought and reflection. *Le present est gros de l'avenir*. The Genius of Europe has emerged from the darkness in which for centuries she has been imprisoned, and the Angel of Liberty, waving her white wings in the skies, and pointing to England and France, calls aloud to the oppressed of every region, "GO YE AND DO LIKEWISE."

ART. II.—*Parliamentary Portraits; or Sketches of the Public Character of some of the most distinguished Speakers of the House of Commons. Originally printed in the Examiner. 8vo. Pp. 235. Baldwin. 1815.*

[Concluded from p. 359.]

WE resume this subject with pleasure. Our artist is highly skilled—his touches are those of nature—his finish that of a master. We prefaced his last portrait with a few observations on the compound qualities of a public speaker. In exhibiting the parliamentary features of Mr. Canning, we desire to say a little more. This gentleman is from a country renowned for flowing talent; but flowing talent is not, always, emblematic either of a cultivated mind or a sound understanding. Pretension is often a better advocate for preferment than merit; and when success has been realised, some how or other, few persons take the trouble to enquire into the legality of the claim. Hence it enjoys the “*otium cum dignitate*”—like the Right Honourable Mr. Canning.

“Among the foremost of these—says our author—whose pretensions exceed their deserts, and whose pretensions have been allowed, may be placed Mr. Canning; a gentleman, whom fortune, in a joke, has pushed above his natural elevation, to be pointed at as the quintessence of wit and statesmanship.”

Now, wit is a native endowment with the Irish. It is proverbial among their lower orders, and gives exquisitely companionable qualities to their higher classes of society. The Edgeworths, in their *Irish Bulls*, are eloquent in defining native wit and native oratory. But the qualifications of a statesman are cast in a loftier mould.

MR. CANNING.

“In his youth, at a time when Whigs were a very different sort of people from those who now bear that name—when their fire was carrying annoyance into every quarter of the ministry, and their humour was casting ridicule over all its disasters—at such a time, the aid of a young man of talents, with some fun at his command, was hailed as a most useful acquisition by a minister, who, though he rarely condescended himself to use any but great guns, was not displeased to see small-arms in the hands of his auxiliaries. Then it was, that by the strength of a few ludicrous and well-timed parodies, not one-third of which by the way were his own, Mr. Canning caught the notice and consequent patronage of Mr. Pitt. Coming into Parliament under such auspices, he could not but make his way: he delivers a speech more

shallow and more frothy than a college-declaration; but what can be done? One side of the house is bound to protect the young man on whom the premier smiles, and the other side is not disposed to much severity, partly because the maiden orator is a kind of *eleve* of its own, and chiefly because the house is at no time inclined to damp the ardour of a young gentleman of tolerable promise who attempts to rise in the world. Encouraged on one hand, and not opposed on the other, with his path smoothed and disencumbered of all those difficulties which might exercise his understanding or enlarge his experience, and raised by a train of lucky circumstances into high situation, he soon forgets the cause of his elevation, becomes proud and dogmatical, and fancies himself a great statesman; when his sole qualifications are a memory well stored with the school-boy's common-places, a solemn utterance like that of the prologue-speaker to a tragedy, and an unbending pomp of attitude and manner strongly resembling the burly dignity of a country pedagogue. Indeed, the great characteristic of this orator is his mock importance; he seems always to walk on stilts. Whatever be the subject, whether he is presenting a petition, or delivering a laboured harangue, he always speaks in the same measured tone and set manner. He dares not be familiar: aware perhaps of the slender title by which he holds his reputation, he will not descend into the open and common area, but keeps himself from too near attack behind the formal entrenchment of a constant gravity. It may seem some contradiction to this, to state that Mr. Canning affects to be a joker; but his jokes are all of the dry and scholastic sort, sarcasms which repel—not pleasantries which attract. Never playful like Mr. Fox, nor good-humoured like Mr. Sheridan, he struts through a comic antithesis with the air of a philosopher, and deposits an epigram with equal grandeur as if he were delivered of an epic poem. The house indeed laugh, because it is polite to laugh when a gentleman affects to joke; but it is never a laugh of kindly sympathy with the joker; on the contrary, it merely expresses that the audience are not so dull but that they are able to apprehend a witticism. It is evidently the perpetual care of Mr. Canning to make himself appear wiser and profounder than he is; and yet to any one who thinks it worth his while to fathom him, there is no man whose depth is more easily discernible. His great excellence is the school-taught taste, by which he shuns all vulgarities in opinion and diction, and is enabled sometimes to throw a classical air over a common subject: his great defect is, that he does not think. All he says partakes of the mustiness of memory; it is uttered with the tone of one who talks by book, and has none of the glowing freshness and cheering brightness of thoughts newly combined, or newly created by the genius of the speaker. His mind has none of those qualities which go to the composition of a great intellect: it has no grasp, little penetration, and no foresight. It has been said of some eminent persons, that they

never were boys: it may be said of the person in question, that he will never be a man. He can never disengage himself from his puerile trammels, nor look at a subject with the eye of common sense and common experience. It has indeed frequently fallen to his lot to advocate the cause of wisdom; but even then his thoughts have been but in a low proportion to the dignity of his subject: he has been content to excite applause by pretty arrangement of phrases, instead of impressing a respectful conviction by the enlargement and accuracy of his views. I allude to his florid harangues on the Spanish war, on the catholic claims, and on some late occasions. A few plain, straight-forward sentences uttered with the calm reasonableness of Lord Castlereagh, and the simple manly energy of Mr. Whitbread, have and deserve more weight than whole folio volumes of such speeches. In fact, the House listens to Mr. Canning not as a statesman, but as one who may amuse them by his well-selected centos and apt quotations: for it is pleasant now and then to be thrown back on one's school associations."

Our author proceeds to deprecate the imputation of being considered inimical to classic learning; but he insists that Mr. Canning's style of thinking, the character of his knowledge, and his consequential manner, would have made him an excellent first master of Eton. He does not object to this gentleman, because he quotes Virgil or Tacitus; but because he *merely* quotes, and does not embellish the language of others with the personal reflections of a poet, or the sagacity of an historian.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Canning has more rivals than his vanity permits him to acknowledge. Mr. Grant, jun. with his defects, has more fancy as well as more learning. Mr. Peel and Mr. Robinson display his smartness and classic recollections, but are free from his assumed importance. To the rank of a statesman, Mr. Canning has lately added—*we hope for his good deeds!*—the exaltation of an ambassador.

MR. PONSONBY.

"It is a novel and not very pleasant feature in the Whig-regiment, that its leader is an Irishman: genius and worth are indeed of all countries; and what Englishman would not be proud to be directed by Burke, or Sheridan, or Grattan, as far as intellect is concerned? I am, however, yet to learn, and the nation has yet to learn, what are the intellectual pretensions of Mr. Ponsonby, whence it is that no Englishman can be found, of at least equal abilities, to fill the usual post, and why, *cæteris paribus*, a heavy Irish lawyer, but newly acquainted here, is to be selected by preference for that place, which, from various circumstances, seems to demand a man bred up in English habits, and thoroughly

acquainted with English manners and customs. The reason seems to be his close connexion with most of the great aristocratical families, or what perhaps is of still more consequence, that the Whigs who are pledged to him do not know what else to do with him. Certainly a worse leader could not have been chosen : a man who fills that important situation should have extensive knowledge, commanding eloquence, perpetual vigilance, and last, though not the most trifling qualification, pleasing and conciliating manners. Let us examine Mr. Ponsonby by this standard. It is said that he was an excellent chancellor, which implies that he has considerable erudition in his profession ; and though a vain and selfish Englishman is apt to laugh when you talk of lawyers out of England, yet the law must be allowed to be a well-cultivated science in a country which has produced such men as Plunkett, Saurin, and Burroughs. I will suppose, therefore, that Mr. Ponsonby is a learned lawyer, though with a curious sort of courtesy the phrase of 'learned gentlemen,' which usually is given to legal members, is dropped with reference to him. Is he ashamed of his business, or would the title which is borne by Sir Samuel Romilly disgrace Mr. George Ponsonby ? Be this as it may, the knowledge of law seems almost the only knowledge possessed by this gentleman. He does not speak very often ; but in all the speeches which I have heard, I cannot recollect any happy historical applications—any illustrations from those arts or sciences which ought to be to a certain extent familiar to every gentleman's mind—no allusions borrowed from the sublime fictions of poetry, at once to embellish and strengthen the cause of truth. All this, and tenfold more than this, were found in Mr. Fox : and some of this may of right be expected from any person who puts himself forward as the intellectual leader of a band of well-educated gentlemen. Has he any eloquence ? This question may best be answered by saying that he is never animated : nothing seems to rouse him except personal pique, and then he is warm without spirit, like the sullen, uncomfortable heat before a thunder-storm. Subjects of the deepest interest, occasions which electrify men of the usual feelings, are all met by him with the same dull measured offerings of a scanty understanding. Thus he is the coldest debater of the catholic claims among the Irish members ; and even at the dinner given to the catholic delegates, where the social glow of honestly-indulged feelings seemed to elevate every mind for a time into a moral enthusiasm, Mr. Ponsonby utters a few trite dogmas in his usual *bow-wow* way, neither his thoughts being raised nor his feelings warmed by the noble spectacle around him. What, however, most unfits this statesman for his imposing situation, is his habitual and apparently incurable indolence.

"A person who goes into the House of Commons for the first time must be rather puzzled with his appearance. He sees a stout and rather ungainly gentleman, not remarkably well dressed,

with dirty boots and old unbrushed hat, sitting cross-legged, and his head almost sunk in his breast, as if asleep after the fatigues of a fox-chace. The sleepy personage then doffs his hat and rises; his unpolished manner and grim features hold forth but little promise: with the aid of jumping, and violent jerking of his head, which, like the cadence of a mallet which it imitates, seems a most appropriate exemplification of a knock-down argument, he gives utterance to about a score of sentences. The stranger expresses some surprise, and exclaims, 'Why, really, that country gentleman says some sensible things: but, pray, Sir, don't you think his manner not exactly the thing in a polished assembly?' What then is his astonishment when he learns that the person of whom he is speaking so disrespectfully, is the chief of the aristocratical faction, and considered as the fittest person to conciliate and preserve the confidence of the people. What would be his astonishment if he should attend every day for a session, and should observe that this leader of a party could not prevail upon himself to rise a dozen times during the whole season; that questions of vast importance were suffered to pass without one single observation; that, when Mr. Whitbread brought forward his motion on the American war, neither the Whigs nor their leader were to be seen at their post; that, when the cause of an injured Princess occupied the thoughts and feelings of a whole nation, Mr. Ponsonby had nothing to remark, except a few words in defence of his political friends; and, lastly, when the Parliament was legislating for the interests of an almost boundless empire, Mr. Ponsonby, after one or two puny efforts in a subject which he allows to be of incalculable importance, steals away to the other side of the Channel, to follow fox hounds in his county of Kildare. After this, it will seem mere anticlimax to state there is nothing prepossessing in his appearance, or conciliatory in his manners, nothing to please the eye or soothe the senses, in the absence of those greater qualities which command conviction and enforce regard. After all, I am not so foolish as to imagine or to wish that I could convince any person that Mr. Ponsonby has no claims to respect. He is a sensible, clear-headed man, with too much prudence to incur ridicule by any attempts beyond his powers; but, except on the score of family, he is no more fitted for his post than the lowest retainer of his party. Some persons think he has humour; he certainly has some skill in sarcasm; but then he exercises it on the paltry satellites, instead of bravely attacking the chiefs of the party."

We take leave of this portrait with a short memorandum,—
 "Enough has been said of a man about whom the public feels as little curiosity as about his footman. Mr. Ponsonby is said to be fond of fox-hunting, and to have regretted the day when he left that *intellectual* enjoyment for politics: let him go back to it—he will not be missed. If he kill but one fox in a sea-

son, he will do more service to the common weal, than by whole years of stiff, reluctant, lazy sitting on a bench, which was once adorned by Mr. Fox!"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer for England, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, occupy one frame. Like courtship and matrimony, they form a ridiculous contrast.

"Certainly—continues our author—it is hardly possible to bring under view two persons more dissimilar. If there be any difference between sedate intelligence and bubbling shallowness, between unpretending mildness and impertinent irritability, between modesty self humiliating almost to a degree of debasement, and conceit soaring to the height of insolence—then there is an interval, wide as the poles asunder, between these two gentlemen."

The portraits are at full length before us; but we shall merely add, that the one man is a profound financier, respected and looked up to as such; the other, a bouncing orator, who threatens the threatener—a Being wholly unconscious of the proportion between his talents and the respect which belongs to them.

The monotonous gibberish of a raree-show man is "Music—sphere-descended maid!" compared with the introductory compliment to our next portrait—"There are two vices, HYPOCRISY and APOSTACY; against which, more than against any others, the indignation of mankind appears to be universal and unqualified."

MR. TIERNEY.

"This gentleman, when he considers his present unpopularity in the nation, and his utter want of weight in the House of Commons, must look back with some astonishment or regret on those days of juvenile ardour when, either from intemperate zeal or from the sordid desire of inveigling a foolish faction, he uttered those glowing denunciations against existing systems, which stole the hearts of the Borough electors. The man for whose presence no one cares, and whose sentiments scarcely ever elicit one smile of regard, must hold it to be the very baseless dream of a shadow, when the recollected scenes of former times pass before his mind,—when his imagination pictures to him those stately burgesses, Messrs. Alcock and Favell, almost dancing with rapture at his oracular sentences,—when even a glance of his person was sufficient to convert that most reputable but dirty district of Southwark into a theatre for gait and festivity,—when even the infants of the enthusiastic electors* were baptised in his

* "Some years afterwards, when Mr. Tierney became odious to his old friends, they took an odd method of showing their contempt, by calling their dogs by his name."

name, to pledge them to the future admiration and imitation of so great a patriot. Was Mr. Tierney then sincere in his popular professions? or, at the time when he presided with so much *eclat* over that sacred band 'the Real Friends,' in a paltry club-room, (Mr. Tierney will understand the allusion,) when the active citizen worshipped no idol except that rather Nebuchadnessar image, the majesty of the people, did he even then adhere to the opinions of his aristocratic friends the self-named Whigs—did he even then feel that love of place which made him so easy a prey to Mr. Addington? These are questions which none but Mr. Tierney can answer. I certainly shall not erect myself into a judge of hidden motives and impenetrable causes. There are not sufficient data for the solution; and Mr. Tierney, great arithmetician as he is, knows that even in the doctrine of chances, some sure and definite quantities must be given to find merely a possible result. I can discover no such certain starting-grounds for this investigation; neither in the nature of man nor in the character of Mr. Tierney. I will not believe that it is easy and obvious for any individual man to assume and personate whatever figure he pleases: still less will I believe that a gentleman of such education and such steady sagacity, as all must feel the late Southwark representative to be, could miscalculate or misapprehend so grossly as to think that a solid superstructure could stand on the flimsy basis of insincerity. The matter must, however, remain undecided to the world, unless the only person who can elucidate the mystery will condescend to instruct our ignorance by a confessional treatise, which, as it shall turn out, may serve either for a comment or an antidote to the politics of Machiavel. As to myself taking it for granted that Mr. Tierney's professions were honest—believing that he was actuated by the sincerest principles when he opposed Mr. Pitt with such vehemence, and defied him 'to the utterance,' even at the hazard of his life: (for though many have laid down their lives from mistaken zeal, yet few, if any, have done so merely to give effect to a joke)—believing also that his former ardour of Reform was, though he was not quite a boy or a novice, yet a relic of the fiery heedlessness of youth, and that his subsequent conversion was the consequence of impartial conviction:—with all these items of belief in my mind I must say, that Mr. Tierney has been very ill used by the misjudging public. They have hastily taken a rational alteration for an interested tergiversation, and suppose that one of the ablest and clearest-headed men of the age could not see what every child sees, that consistency is the best policy. This unjust dislike, these unkind suspicions of the people, have been of serious injury to Mr. Tierney, and I think to the community. From this cause it comes that the most disposeable and useful talents for business, the utmost shrewdness of discernment, the most perspicuous views of trade and finance, the most powerful because the most intelligible logic; and, above all, the most penetrating sarcasm, and the most invulnerable self-

possession,—qualifications which might raise him to the highest eminence in a popular assembly,—are nevertheless entirely robbed of their use and effect.

“Such is the result of that unfavourable opinion which is attached to the man who has abandoned his old professions. He who could even make the firm seat of Mr. Pitt to totter, and might frequently, almost without an effort, have shoved the present ministry from their stools, must now be content to get a majority on a matter of form, and think it gain to beat such a statesman as Mr. Garrow on a technical objection. But though Mr. Tierney unfortunately has but little weight in the House, yet from his abilities he is always heard with pleasure: nor is there any man who is treated with more external respect by a minister. This is but politic; for Mr. Tierney has a power of ridicule, and a caustic severity of satire which can corrode the very heart's core, which, therefore, those who love safe skins are not eager to provoke. One thing there is, which, independently of all the above-mentioned causes, greatly diminishes the confidence of Mr. Tierney's auditors: in his most serious and earnest speeches as to argument, there is an air of conversational carelessness and levity in the manner, which seems to hint that the speaker is almost indifferent as to success, and that he would be the first to laugh at those who should be persuaded by his ratiocination. This I have no hesitation in saying would be a most illiberal inference: the defect in question evidently arises from that coolness of temperament, which reasons rather than feels, and which scorns to attain its end by any surprise on the heart, when it can fairly and dispassionately convince and conquer the understanding.

“In a popular assembly, however, where for one man who thinks there are ten who feel, such a manner cannot fail to be detrimental, or at least useless, to him who adopts it. Upon the whole, Mr. Tierney may be quoted as one of the most unfortunate instances of popular injustice. I will not annoy him by stating to him what he might have been, if he had been less precipitate and unreserved in former times; but shall merely lament, in the name of the public, that youthful errors, or popular mistake, have deprived the nation of the effective services of a man who might have been the most useful (I can scarcely except Mr. Whitbread) of all the parliamentary characters of the day.”*

MR. SHERIDAN AND MR. GRATTAN.

“I think I see some similarity, rather however in kind than in manner. Mr. Sheridan's aim was always, if he could, to expose

* “This character, I cannot tell why, was by some misunderstood, as if it was intended for a panegyric on Mr. Tierney: the obscurity, if any, arises from the perplexed nature of the subject; for the motives and intentions of Mr. Tierney must be classed among those things which are perfectly inaccessible to the human understanding.”

the propositions of his adversary by a series of ludicrous contrasts: the mind of Mr. Grattan leads him to the same play of opposition and antithesis, though his disposition seems to feel anger, where the other would only laugh. The understanding in these cases is evidently alike, though the habits of society have engendered a different taste. Again, there is some likeness in their style; there is about them at the beginning a conversational carelessness amounting almost to laziness, a sort of lounging indifference, which more than half conceals their strong feeling. On a sudden, some thought, some word, sets fire to the train of their impressions: they fling away their sloth as Ulysses flung away the beggar's weeds, and walk abroad in all the majesty of excited intellect and irresistible passion. Who shall oppose it? Reason is content to admire, and forgets to examine: but fortunately a tempest must be temporary. Indeed the paroxysms of Mr. Grattan are much shorter than those of Mr. Sheridan: and the former sinks at once from his celestial elevation down to mere earth. Not so with Mr. Sheridan: he, when once roused, never subsides into an uninteresting mediocrity; when he ceases to be energetic, he becomes elegant; when he is no longer the angel of the storm, he becomes the benignant genius, whose presence cheers even the waste, and at whose every step upsprings a bed of living verdure. I must confess however that I have not known Mr. Grattan in his best days: looking at him now, a veteran not much short of seventy, and observing that attic fire which still warms his heart, I will not presume to say that he does not deserve the high reputation which he enjoys. I am content to bow with reverence to the consistent advocate of his country's rights, who for a long life has stood forward the powerful and almost successful champion of her cause against an unparalleled weight of influence and prejudice, and who disdains to further his purposes by any paltry intermixture with the vulgar views of the Whig party, who somehow or other have of late years thought it right to advocate the catholic cause. Some have said that Mr. Grattan sunk in character by his transplantation into the British parliament. I cannot think so: there is no man heard with more fond respect; and deservedly, for there is no man who gives more pleasure. Indeed I know not a more gratifying sight than when Mr. Grattan rises: his petit person and fumbling voice at first awake no feeling but surprise that this man should be a commanding orator: in a moment you become interested by his gentlemanly manner and warm though very subdued tone: a striking thought or glowing expression drops out as if by accident, and assures us that we shall not be disappointed. He then rises to the dignity of eloquence, and every expectation is answered."

We cannot withhold the following definition of impudence from our reader.

"If this quality were as dangerous as it is vicious, it should

be driven from society with execrations ; but like many of the most offensive vices, it carries about it its own antidote. It is an impostor which cheats only itself : it seduces its observer neither into pleasure nor admiration ; on the contrary, all are able to discover and appreciate its object, while some hate, and most despise it. Yet it succeeds, in general, as far as it aspires ; it wears its way, not wins it, and owes its greatness, not to the kindness of friendship, but to its own invincible importunity. It moves along, through the hisses of disgust and the mutterings of hatred, with perfect content, because it is conscious that such is the element most appropriate to its nature : it takes its wished-for seat of rank with a shrug of contempt at those who would not pay the same price for the same dignity. It is very seldom however that impudence is ambitious ; it is in general too sordid to aim after honorary distinctions, and confines itself to the search after gain ; hence it is less found in the political sphere (except among the underlings of state) than in the walks of common and daily life. There, its most complete picture is to be seen, when a determined fortune-hunter has started a wealthy girl : in vain she flies, in vain she despises, in vain she hates : he looks upon all the struggles of resentment with the same calculating pleasure as a poacher views the strength-exhausting efforts of the captive bird, which tires itself into his possession. The poor girl, with all her loathing fresh about her, is, from the sex's characteristic inability to resist perseverance, compelled to yield, which it may be supposed she does with a sort of feeling like that with which a person flings himself into the sea, to avoid the approaches of a tiger, who will take no repulse."

MR. W. POLE AND MR. CROKER.

"To begin with Mr. W. Pole ; he is, as I have hinted, exceedingly self-important, though as in most cases of the sort, it would be almost impossible to discover on what grounds he fancies himself so momentous a personage. He has, indeed, for one brother, a statesman of considerable acquirements, and no mean understanding. He has, for another brother, a man whose simplicity of character excites general respect, and whose substantial services to the good cause entitle him to the gratitude of his country and mankind. Certainly Mr. W. Pole may justly congratulate himself on such a relationship ; still I do not see how this circumstance is to explain his dignified self-opinion, when he can show neither the talents of one relative, nor the services of the other. His tone and manner make him nearly the most unpleasant speaker in the House. He is always angry, and his voice being sharp and shrill, and always raised to its highest pitch, grates on

the ear a discord nearly as horrible as the tuning of five fiddles. One is at no time much disposed to sympathise with anger, even if just; least of all can we take any interest in a resentment which becomes louder in proportion to its want of cause, and lashes itself into a rage for no probable reason, unless it has been medically recommended as a wholesome exercise of the physical powers. It is sometimes amusing to witness the intellectual spars between the two Ex-Chancellors of Ireland, Mr. Pole, and Sir J. Newport. The Baronet, though highly respectable for his independence, integrity, and general amenity of manners, is, however, more testy than beseems a wise statesman, especially when any reference is made to his administration:—and anger, as has been already observed, seems the element essential to the vitality of the other legislator, who also piques himself in no small degree on the wisdom of his government. With such feelings it is not matter of surprise that the disputes of these opponents should sometimes be pushed even to exasperation; while each of them, with his own peculiar eagerness, is insisting on his own infallibility, and the other's absurdity. The spectacle is the more entertaining, because the matter in debate is generally some local Irish law, which, however important, is yet almost always regarded by the House with the utmost indifference. Mr. W. Pole has, of course, received the education of a gentleman, and has been familiar with the best society; yet I know not how it is, but there is more offensive obtrusiveness in his manner, and more meanness in his language, than are usually found in that class of life which is called genteel, unless indeed where the eminent rank or talent of the individual has precluded the necessity of compliance with accustomed forms. After all, this gentleman is of so little consideration in the state, that it may seem a waste of severity to descant on his character: I confess I feel so much tenderness for him for the sake of his family, that I could wish him to exercise the leisure which want of office affords, partly in cultivating his taste after the example of his elder brother, and partly in lowering the tone of his impatience, by studious reflection on the quiet unaffectedness with which his soldier brother performs illustrious actions.

"The high tone of Mr. Croker may perhaps be explained with less difficulty: the writer of doggerel verses on the Dublin actors, and the puerile imitator* of the easiest of all models, Walter Scott, may reasonably feel some surprise at finding himself at so important a post as the secretaryship of the Admiralty: having too little discrimination, or too much self-love to discover the real cause, he is led to conclude that he may possess great qualities, though unknown to himself, and that he should assume a consequence of manner equal to that latent dignity of character which is some

* "The Battle of Talavera" is usually ascribed to Mr. Croker.

day to be revealed. It must have contributed to spoil this gentleman, to see a man of Mr. Southey's eminence passing by all the rank and talent of the nation, to dedicate a rather favourite work to him: nor does one wonder that his gratitude should have made him the patron of the dedicating poet. The day, however, has been, and with a man of Mr. Southey's mutable thinking, the day may yet return, when a blush shall dart across the Laureat, to feel that, under such circumstances, he owes his honours to the patronage of such a person. It is usual with those who dislike this young secretary—and he should know what perhaps he is too careless to consider, that his manner is of all others the most calculated to make enemies—it is usual with them to object to the lowness of his origin. Such an objection, in a country like this, is despicable and unnatural: it is the pride of our constitution that it opens the paths of honour for all who have skill to tread them; and a good Englishman should hail with joy every fresh instance of plebeian elevation. I rejoice, therefore, with Mr. Croker, that his origin has been no obstruction to his promotion: and indeed I feel some kindness for his father, if he is, as I have heard, the translator of the *Satires of Ariosto*. The translation is indifferent, and indeed it would be no slight task to render those elegant sketches of a Court's vices and a poet's simplicity, with the Horatian point and delicacy of the Italian; but it is some praise to have been fond of such a work; and I would rather be the son of an indifferent versifier, than of a lazy, unlettered grandee. No—my quarrel with Mr. Croker is not on account of his pedigree, but for the arrogance of his manner, unbecoming in any man, but least of all suited to a man of his small pretensions. I object to that defying tone which seems to wish to provoke,—to that sore manner which implies a consciousness that what he says ought to offend, and therefore anticipates that anger as a shield, which it knows it merits to have directed against itself as a weapon of offence. Luckily for Mr. Croker, few of the persons whom he attacks with such vehemence seem to hold it worth while to repel him: but a gentleman so exceedingly sensitive as the Admiralty secretary should be cautious never to utter a sarcasm unless he feels secure that, if answered, he shall have a repartee which will blow his adversary to pieces. Mr. Ponsonby, on one occasion, silenced him with a furious rebuff; and on another, Sir Francis Burdett, with his usual gentlemanly coolness, combined a few words whose united force seemed to sting to the very quick. Not however to leave this gentleman in despair—if he will cease to speak till he has conquered his high and irritable tone, and continue to discharge his office with his present exemplary diligence, he may justly look forward to as much praise as usually falls to the lot of second-rate officers of state. Meantime let him continue to patronise poets; and may the next poet whom he befriends be able to receive the honour without any injury to the consistency of his character."

In addition to our exhibition, a variety of other portraits may be viewed in the original gallery, which is rather extensive, and well deserving public patronage. It will be remembered, however, that the collection commenced nearly two years ago; and that allusion, consequently, will sometimes relate to almost forgotten objects. It was, we believe, remarked from the Bench, at the complaint of a certain *travelling knight*—on the inanity of his pocket book—that an author was a sort of loose fish and fair game for the harpooning tribe; that, from the moment a person displayed himself before the public, he became arraignable at the bar of criticism, both as to his moral and mental character. If the poor devil, who often writes from hard necessity, is thus to appear, in *puris naturalibus*, subject to the exposure of the arcana of his garret; surely those public characters, who occupy the most distinguished niches in the gallery of state, are lawful objects either of commendation or censure—of ridicule or contempt.

It is to the interest of every individual, that the transactions of Parliament be assembled in grand review; and that, as the ranks of political leaders pass, all may scrutinize their pretensions to EMINENCE, either for their WISDOM, their ELOQUENCE, or their INTEGRITY!

“In turning our thoughts—continues the author—to the composition and proceedings of a great popular assembly, all whose transactions appear at least to be conducted through the medium of speech, it is impossible not to be struck with their dearth of dexterity and excellence in the management of the chief instrument of its operations. What should we say of the main army of a military nation which had not attained common precision in the use of fire-arms? or, to descend lower, of a company of watchmen, who, like Dogberry’s followers, should think it belongs to a watch to sleep?”

In a translation of the ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΟΑΥΝΘΙΑΚΟΣ of Demosthenes, we find the following passage—

“Attendez à juger chacun d’après sa conduite, en rétribuant vos honneurs; vos éloges au bienfaiteur de l’état, et vos supplices à ses malfaiteurs.” Shakspeare almost parodies this maxim in his dramatic works:

“Use every man after his deserts, and who shall escape whipping?”

E.

ART. III.—*Travels in South Africa; undertaken at the Request of the Missionary Society. By JOHN CAMPBELL, Minister of Kingsland Chapel. 8vo. Pp. 582. Black and Co. 1815.*

[*Concluded from p. 472.*]

RESUMING this subject, we have to express our regret that Mr. Campbell was not attended on his mission by some scientific character, who would have embellished the discoveries of a previously unexplored region. The author evidently possesses a promptitude in observation very creditable to his natural intellect; but he wants the advantage of education to polish his style. Still, we must confess, his travels have afforded us much amusement; and, presuming that his novelties will be equally entertaining to our readers, we devote a few pages—not to criticism—but to a succession of extracts highly interesting. Previously thereto, however, we will make some observations on a very singular anecdote related in the Appendix,

It will be recollected, that some years ago the Grosvenor East Indianan was wrecked off the Coast of Caffraria, and that nearly the whole of the passengers and crew perished on the occasion. It was, however, discovered that two young ladies had survived the miseries of this dreadful event, and were resident in the interior of a country uninhabited by Europeans. Mr. Campbell does not relate this occurrence from personal evidence, but we cannot doubt the extraordinary fact.

The landdrost of Graaf-Reynel had been deputed by the British government to pay a visit to the King of Caffraria, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any survivors from the wreck of the Grosvenor. Finding there were two females, he succeeded in procuring an introduction to them. He saw them habited like Caffree women: their bodies were painted after the fashion of the native inhabitants, and their manners and appearance were altogether anti-European. The landdrost, however, sought to obtain their confidence by a liberal offer of his best services to restore them to their country and their friends. But they were unmoved by his solicitations. They stated that they had fallen into the hands of the natives after they had been cast ashore from the wreck; that their companions had been murdered; and that they had been compelled to give themselves in marriage: that having affectionate husbands, children, and grand children, their attachments were bounded by their actual enjoyments. Upon being repeatedly urged to depart with the landdrost, they replied, that probably at their return to England, they might find themselves without

connections or dependance; and that their acquired habits ill-fitted them to mingle with polished society. In short, they would not quit Caffraria.

Such, then, is the powerful influence of habit! Two young ladies, highly educated—and in all probability lovely in their persons—are taught by habit to forget those scenes of gaiety they were so well calculated to ornament; to forget the anticipated enjoyments of a dignified union of the sexes; to forget their parents, their relatives, the accomplished companions of their youth, and all the refinements of life! Among a savage people they acquire congenial opinions: their vitiated nature ceases to repine: they love the untutored husbands given to them by fate: they rear their children in the ignorance of Hottentot faith: they bless their wretched hovel with the sacred name of home: they expel memory from their occupations: and regret no longer mingles with their routine of barbarous pleasures! Is this, in reality, a picture of the human mind, with all its boasted attributes, its delicacies, its refinements, its civilized superiority?—Yes!—for custom is a second nature.

At his interview with the king, the landdrost asked him how he could murder a number of unfortunates, thrown by the elements on his mercy—the king replied, “these people had no business on my coast; they should have remained in their own country. By their own country, he meant the sea, from which all the Caffres supposed the Europeans had risen. They had first descried the masts of a vessel; gradually, the object enlarged upon their view, until they beheld the hull: from the progress of this vision, they believed these devoted people to have been natives of the ocean.

“When Dr. Vanderkempt remonstrated with Gika, (the king), for having murdered the people who were cast ashore from a ship which was wrecked while he was there, he replied, ‘Why do you kill wolves? they belong to this country, but not these people.’ Had the persons cast ashore from these vessels, who escaped from the Caffres, and attempted to reach the Cape by travelling along the coast, after two or three days journey, struck up the country, instead of keeping by the shore, they would soon have fallen in with Dutch farmers; but, by keeping near the sea, they doubled the distance, following the windings of the coast, and were likewise out of the way of obtaining assistance, as the ground near the sea is barren, and consequently uninhabited; though now, for the sake of cutting timber, inhabitants may be found in the neighbourhood of Plattenburg’s Bay, and probably one or two other places. But, should any ship afterwards be wrecked any where south or south west of the Great Fish River (to the north of which the Caffres are now driven), it will be wise in those who reach the

land instantly to strike up into the country, when they will soon fall in with waggon tracks, by following which they will arrive at the residence of white men. This is the more necessary to be made known, as the number of ships sailing along that part of the African coast must be greater, in consequence of the trade to India being more open than in former times; but I know no harbour or refuge into which a ship could enter. The mouth of the Buffalo River, though about a quarter of a mile wide, appears to have a bar running across it; at any rate, the entrance must be very intricate to a stranger; and, in a storm, the most eligible place nearest to Caffraria would be Algoa Bay, which might afford protection, should the wind blow from the south or south west, but none from the east or north east."

On the 25th May, Mr. Campbell and his party discovered an extensive plain, perhaps an hundred miles in circumference, with a considerable lake on the west; which he questions whether any European ever saw before. No country is less favoured with lakes than South Africa, and this water was the first worthy the name, the others being merely large pools. He named this place Burder's Plain in honour of the secretary to the Missionary Society. Game abounded in the vicinity of the lake. The travellers shot nine bucks of various kinds, a quacha, and an ostrich.

Advancing up the country, they beheld the Great River, a sight they had long anxiously desired. It must be highly exhilarating to travellers in this burning clime, where water is scarce, and the little to be found generally impregnated with saline particles, to sojourn on the banks of a fresh river. Mr. Campbell calls it "a river of life" and says that even the sight of it gave them fresh strength, vigour, and animation. It was as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, deep, and rapid, presenting a formidable obstacle to their progress. Two days journey beyond this river was the station of Klaar-water, which our travellers were anxious to visit. The passage across the river was formidable; but we leave the party to cross. The land is very fertile, producing, year after year, feed for many million cattle, although at present a few wild beasts alone roam over it.

"It is grievous (observes Mr. Campbell) to see so much of the world remaining in a wilderness state, and so much of the annual productions of the ground perishing without being useful to man or beast. Much money must be given in most countries for a small spot of ground; but here, a cask of tobacco, or a parcel of beads, would purchase a district as large as Yorkshire."

The source of the river Krooman in the Matchappe country is, perhaps, more interesting than that of the Nile.

"It is the most abundant spring of water I ever had an opportunity to examine. I measured it about a yard's distance from the rock, from whence it flows, and found it three yards wide, and from fourteen to eighteen inches deep; but after a course of fifty or sixty miles, it becomes invisible by running into plains of sand. Perhaps, by leading it in another direction, or cutting a bed for it across the sands, it might become a more extensive blessing to the country. The last experiment is likely to be the least successful, as probably the first storm of wind would fill up the new bed. We entered the cave from whence it proceeds, on purpose to examine it. The entrance was narrow; but we soon reached a kind of central room, the roof of which resembled in shape, though not in height, the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, from which went four passages in different directions, in all which streams of water flowed. Though we had lighted candles with us, we could discover no end to any of these passages. Within, the water was almost lukewarm, but in the outside it was very cold. The rock is composed of limestone."

One would be almost led to think that, in this wild state of nature, Providence has been most bountiful to such of his people as were most addicted to vice. It appears, that throughout this vast track of land, overrun by the barbarous Bushmen, fresh water was seldom to be found; while in the Matchappe country wholesome fountains and pure streams frequently present themselves. Mr. Campbell names several after passing the great river, at convenient distances from each other.

On the shortest day of the year, the sun setting at five o'clock, our travellers discovered the track of Mr. Burchill, the only European now living who visited Lattakoo,

"Proceeding further, they were joined by four young men, about sixteen years of age, whose faces were painted red, and stroked with white paint in a regular way, which had a very odd appearance. They had lately been circumcised,* as a sign of their

* "Though these people observed this strange Mahomedan rite, yet they are totally ignorant of its origin. They do not, as among many similar sects, perform the operation during childhood, but wait until youth exhibits signs of puberty. For this purpose they are seized, as few of them will voluntarily submit to the barbarous and unnecessary operation, which is forcibly performed. The patients are not permitted to sleep until their wounds are healed; and, to keep them awake, men are employed to beat them on the ends of their fingers. One man performs this rite for a whole district, and he is paid by a calf, or an assagay. The youths dance a manly dance together, with an apron round their waist, made from a certain plant. When recovered, they

having attained the years of manhood. One of the four was the son of their late king, Mallayabang. They were all well shaped, their bodies painted red, and their hair powdered with blue powder. They asked very modestly for a little tobacco, which we gave them. They all carried assagays, or spears, over their shoulders, and wore brown coloured skins, with a round musk-cat skin sewed over the cloak between the shoulders, which made them resemble soldiers with their knapsacks."

We follow Mr. Campbell and his friends to Lattakoo. This metropolitan settlement boasts a population of eight thousand souls; yet, when our party entered, they were struck with the apparent desertion of the inhabitants, and the awful silence that surrounded them. Proceeding in search of the kingly dwelling, they reached a rude square, formed by bushes and trees laid one above another. Here they found several hundred persons assembled; and a number of tall men, armed with spears, were drawn up in military order. Presently crowds of women and children flocked to the square from all quarters, making a violent uproar. The crowd, at length, became so immense, that the travellers lost each other; and, if they chanced to gaze upon the women and children, the latter fled in dismay. Mr. Campbell, however, found an opportunity to caress some of the children, at which they were so pleased, that others sought his attention, and the general scene of terror began gradually to subside. At length they, with some difficulty, contrived to pitch their tent, which they flanked with their waggons to keep off the pressure from the crowd, and a large house was assigned to them for a kitchen. Numbers of the principal inhabitants entered the tent, and the mob occupied the waggons, continuing their discordant uproar. At length, on a certain token being laid upon a table, the mob retired. The travellers were now completely at the mercy of this savage people; but they looked confidently for safety, nor were they mistaken. The Lattakoo proved a quiet, well-regulated order of society.

About seven years previously, however, Lord Caledon, when governor of the Cape, sent up a party, consisting of Dr. Cowan, Lieut. Donovan, twenty of the Cape regiment, a boor, and a person from Klaar-water, to explore Africa as far as the Portuguese settlement at Mosambique; since which they had never been heard of by the government.*

wash themselves in the river, and receive each a new garment from the women. The house in which they were confined, and every thing in it, is burned; after which a young female is presented to each."—*Appendix.*

* This unfortunate party were all murdered by the Watketzens, the next tribe north of Lattakoo, who are numerous, treacherous, and cruel.

The whisperings, the equivocal manner of the Lattakoo chiefs, and the strange silence observed on our travellers entry into the city, was found to arise from a suspicion that the visit was for the purpose of avenging the murder of Dr. Cowan's people. King Matabee was absent on a jackall hunt; and his ministers, when invited to a conference by the strangers, referred the explained object of their mission, and the offer of sending missionaries among them, to his majesty, whenever he might return to his capital.

King Matabee, according to Mahomedan rites, had two queens. One of them brought the visitors some milk, for which her majesty, and those who came with her, received a little tobacco. She asked Mr. Read for some snuff; he said he did not take snuff; to which she shrewdly replied, "he would have the more to give away on that account."

The strangers paid a visit to the wife of Salakootoo, the king's uncle, whom they found grinding tobacco; then to the queen—both had fine children, but they were terrified at seeing white men. Notwithstanding the seeming desertion of this heathen city on the entrance of the missionaries, it was the time of sports—the *carnival* of the natives.

"Our attention was next attracted by a crowd of women approaching the square, holding long rods in their hands, and their faces disfigured by white painted strokes in various forms. They marched at a slow pace, closely crowded together, making such bawling as required adamantine lungs and throats of brass. They were attended by a number of matrons, dancing and screaming. On reaching the entrance to the square, there was a feigned battle between the aged and the younger women, which the younger were allowed to gain, when they entered in triumph. The people then formed a large circle, six or eight deep, when upwards of forty girls entered, from twelve to sixteen years of age, having their persons whitened with chalk. They danced in a kind of measured regularity, striking the ground most violently with their feet. Many of them had small shields in their hands, which they moved very dexterously in front of all parts of their bodies, as if warding off arrows shot against them. Every ones eyes were constantly fixed on the ground, and they retained a gravity of countenance the whole time, which I shall not soon forget. After dancing about a quarter of an hour, on some signal given, they instantly retired from the circle, were out of sight in a few minutes, when they returned, and immediately commenced dancing in the same manner. This dancing, retiring and returning, continued about an hour and an half, when the meeting broke up."

These grotesque exhibitions, with varied daubings of the

body, and different disguises, continued several days. At the house of a headman, who was most venerable in his appearance, Mr. Campbell saw his two young wives preparing to attend the public diversions. One of them was painting her body with stuff composed of red chalk, ground to a powder, and mixed up with grease; the other had black lead dust* mixed with grease, which gave her hair a blue and sparkling appearance. The husband was painted red; he wore an elegant fur robe, and various ornaments at his breast; his house was neat and clean, and his back yard had much of an English appearance. All the headmen looked well. Our missionaries, not being permitted to exercise their functions, and finding the return of the king might be uncertain, had contemplated leaving Lattakoo. Previous, however, to their departure, they waited upon Mahootoo, (who appeared queen paramount) and Seetezoo, the king's sister. The queen was averse to their departure without seeing the king, and a messenger was sent to pray his return; whereupon they promised to remain. She asked the following questions, evidently as things she had formerly thought of, "Will people who are dead rise up again? Is God under the earth, or where is he?" When these questions were answered, she observed that when Matabee came home she would advise him to send his servants to hunt jackalls, for there was enough for him to do.† A watch was shewn to these ladies—they were astonished and terrified. On observing the work in motion, they thought it a living creature; and on its being offered to their ears, they held up their hands to drive it away, as if it had been a serpent.

The women do not appear under any restraint, and the men take little notice of them. The former often use the privilege of the tongue; they can scold when vexed; but it is difficult to ascertain whether they are in a rage or in good humour without

* Mr. C. speaks of a mine of black lead, and another of blue powder, in this country.

† In Caffaria the natives often hunt wild beasts. A whole kraal assemble, forming a circle round a large tract of land, and by gradually drawing in the circle they enclose every beast within a narrow space, leaving an opening for them to escape, during which the hunters shoot them. On one of these occasions a large ostrich was encircled, which, in running at full speed towards the opening, with one stroke of his foot killed a Caffre, which excited universal alarm. When a Caffre, as in the case of the anchor already mentioned, passes the spot, he makes a low bow as an act of reverence. Mr. Campbell's party had a sight of these extraordinary species of the feathered race; but though they killed 182 wild beasts and birds, one ostrich only was among them. They, however, found their eggs, one of which served for a delicious meal for three hungry men. This mode of ensnaring and killing large game is practised in the Highlands of Scotland, (see our last Number, page 440).

observing the countenance. When least interested they speak with all their might, as though to a person at a distance.

The Lattakoos are described to be scrupulously honest, and by no means prone to vice. One day, however, Mr. Campbell was alarmed by an unusual uproar. On enquiring into the cause, it appeared that one of the natives had committed a theft—not of a purse or a pocket book—but simply of two buttons torn from the trowsers of the interpreter to our travellers. The natives were vociferously charging each other with the enormity. When the great seal of England was stolen from Lord Chancellor Thurlow, there was not half so great a hurly-burly. The buttons were recovered—the great seal, with the robber, entirely disappeared. The Lattakoo pilferer was soon apprehended, and given up to the interpreter, who inflicted upon him summary justice—a punishment commensurate to the crime—he was turned out of the square of waggons; and the *degradation* was approved by his fellow-citizens.

We read of another plunderer—a privileged royal robber—a noisy turbulent fellow, as Mr. Campbell calls him. This is no less a personage than the king's uncle, Salakootoo, who possesses more of the savage than any of the other *courtiers*. He frequently falls upon the flocks and herds of neighbouring tribes under futile pretences, and drives them to his house. The plundered, unable to resent the insult, are compelled to abide by their loss. The king, to save appearances, assumes great wrath at his uncle's proceedings; but a little of the plunder soon pacifies him.

These people procure copper and tin from some nation beyond them, which they would not mention. Copper mountains were said to be not far distant from Lattakoo; but Mr. C. conjectures their utensils are brought from Europe by the Portuguese. The people of this savage city are ingenious, and make a variety of useful and ornamental metallic articles; and their houses are far superior to the nations nearer to our colony. Their cloaks are made and sewed as well as could be done by Europeans. The city is divided into districts, with a headman (or alderman) to each, who, in turn, treated our travellers with thick milk, boiled wheat, or porridge made of ground wheat. The women are the farmers. Even the queen digs her ground along with other females. The first ladies of the city now came to offer our travellers their arm-rings and ear-rings for a little tobacco; and the children wanted snuff. Many of the people returned who had fled under the dread that Dr. Cowan's death would be avenged.

An instance of mischievous humour was played off by some of the great officers of state upon each other, in the following manner :

"When at dinner in the tent, Mananeets the governor, Mateere the lieutenant-governor, with two others, were present. Mateere observed us taking a little Cayenne pepper, when the redness of it attracting his attention, he asked for a little, which we gave him. On feeling its pungency, he shut his eyes, hastily put his hand to his mouth, and held down his head. He concealed his pain, and slyly touched Mr. Read with his foot, to intimate that he should say nothing, but give the same dose to the others. Mananeets next took it, and as soon as he could speak, he asked for a little for his wife."

The approach of King Matebee is thus announced—

"Two parties, as forerunners to Matebee, arrived in the morning; and at noon he arrived himself, with many attendants, carrying spears and poles, dressed with black ostrich feathers, which are stuck into the ground around places where they halt to frighten away the lions, who it seems are not fond of their appearance.

"The arrival of Matebee occasioned no more stir in the town than usual. On coming into the square he took no notice of us or our waggons, but acted as if ignorant that strangers were there. He then with his people crouched down in the form of a circle, when Mateere related to him every thing that had passed during his absence. He then told the circumstances of his own excursion, both which speeches did not occupy ten minutes; after which, in consequence of orders, we walked up to him, when without looking at us, he stretched out his right hand, which we shook, saying to him, 'Matebee O Iss,' which is the salutation given to the king. During all this time there was not the smallest alteration in his countenance. He appeared thoughtful, deep, and cautious; extremely like the portraits I have seen of Bonaparte, which were taken ten or twelve years ago."

The savage monarch, before he spoke a word, had an eye to the presents—the sure bribe to a great man's favour. Mr. Campbell gave him some trinkets, furnished him (to their honour do we record it) by the ladies of Kingsland. When the monarch found all were offered, but not until he had slyly looked for more, he condescended to speak, greeting them kindly, and saying, "When I was informed of your arrival, I came to you."

To the proposal of sending missionaries to him he objected, observing that his people had no time to attend to their instruction—that they had to attend to their cattle, to sowing, reaping,

and many other things—that what they would teach was contrary to the custom of his people, which they would not give up—that it would not do for them to live at Lattakoo; but if they settled at a distance, he should have no objection to send some of the children to them to learn the Dutch language. By dint of argument, however, he at length complied, saying, “*Send instructors, and I will be a father to them.*” The king presented his visitors with two oxen.

Mr. Campbell describes the royal family of Lattakoo at dinner. The kings of France and some other European monarchs made dining in public, on certain days, a court etiquette. We shall give this account of an African royal banquet in the words of our author—

“The royal family were at dinner in a corner of their yard, outside the house. The king's distinction seemed to consist in his sitting next the pot that contained the boiled beans, on which they were dining, and having the only spoon we saw, with which he helped himself and his friends, by putting a portion into each hand as it was held out to him. One of the princesses was employed in cutting with an axe a dried paunch into small pieces, and putting them into a pot to be boiled, either to complete the repast, or to serve for another soon after. One of Matebee's sisters was cutting up a filthy looking piece of flesh, and putting it into the same pot. Certainly, an Englishman would be dying for want of food before he accepted an invitation to dine with the King of Lattakoo.”

Like their Abyssinian brethren, these people are far from possessing nice stomachs. They eat, with relish, the flesh of lions, tigers, cameleopards, quachas, &c.; but they are not hoggish at their meals. The men do not, as Bruce relates of the Abyssinians, suffer themselves to be fed by their women, with raw flesh cut out of the living ox, which stands outside the house of the unnatural banquet, bellowing in excruciating torments, which gives a zest to the meal; nor do they afterwards indulge in grosser sensualities before each other. The great men of Lattakoo do not consider it a mark of grandeur, at the risk of choking, to swallow larger mouthfuls or chew with a greater noise than the common people; nor have they among them the proverb, that “Beggars only eat small pieces, or without making a noise.”*

The king now became communicative, and spoke of the country beyond his territory.

* Vide Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia, vol. iv. p. 382.

"The first nation, he observed, to the N. E. is a people called Makquanas, and that their city was three times the size of Lattakoo—their manners the same. They are exceedingly rich in cattle. The Watketzens are continually at war with them, for the sake of plunder. Beyond the Makquanas are the Magalatzinas, from whom other tribes obtain clothing, and beads of European manufacture. They ride upon elephants, and use buffaloes to draw carriages—are of a brown complexion, and have long hair. Next to them E. S. E. of the Watketzens, are the Moonshuyanes; then the Mookoobes; then the Makaones; then the Bakquanes; beyond them the Borametees; beyond them the Legoceyas; then the Bochakapeeles; then the Borapootzaans; then the Bakotes; then the Mapantues. On the side of the yellow river are the Moleezanyanas; and beyond them, in a N. E. direction, towards Delagoa bay, are the Maquapas. A nation of cannibals are reported by the Matchappes to live beyond them. The same is also reported by Hottentots and Bushmen."

We have followed our indefatigable author through these hard-sounding names of tribes or nations hitherto, perhaps, unheard of by Europeans, in order to shew our readers that this immense quarter of the globe increases in population as the country is penetrated into its interior; though we greatly doubt whether it will ever be practicable for white men to penetrate through Ethiopia, or indeed to proceed much farther than Lattakoo.

King Matebee, who seemed at first to have a forbidding aspect, grew every hour in the estimation of our travellers. He parted with them reluctantly, and upon that occasion asked for a neckcloth: he was presented with two, one of which he put round his neck, and the other over his head as a nightcap, which completely distinguished him from his subjects; but they were nearly red with the paint with which his body was covered. Of the Lattakoos, more commendation may be given than to any savage tribe ever visited by an European; for though the baggage of our travellers and their persons were always exposed, yet no theft had been committed upon them, save the two buttons.* After remaining at Lattakoo a fortnight, our worthy missionaries departed, surrounded by a gazing multitude, and directed their course eastward to a part of Africa, hitherto unexplored by any European traveller.

* Theft is stated to be so rare with the Fantes, that "an article may be left in the public road without much danger of being touched by any person in the same neighbourhood." This honesty, however, is only among themselves, for "whatever belongs to a white man is considered fair game."—*Meredith's Account of the Gold Coast of Africa, 1812.*

It has been before observed, and Mr. Campbell confirms the assertion, that the savage inhabitants of inland parts are more laborious and less vicious than those on the coast, who have more frequent opportunities of intercourse with Europeans. Spirituous liquors, which the white man carries with him, first to stupify, and then cheat the natives of new discovered countries, is the principal cause of this difference and degeneracy,—causing drunkenness, profligacy, and every species of savage brutality.

On the 8th of July, the morning after their departure, the ground was covered with a hoar frost. They killed a buffalo and her calf, which gave great pleasure to the eleven Matchappees, who accompanied them as guides. They petitioned for the breast of the calf, which is the part allotted to the Bootchuana chiefs of every beast that is killed; and seemed particularly anxious to taste this forbidden part.

The road for two days was on an ascent, and they were soon on very high ground. In the morning the thermometer was at 24, and the ice an inch thick. In the afternoon, after having been menaced by wandering Bushmen, they arrived at a Bootchuana Bushman village, which had the appearance of extreme wretchedness; and the people were greatly alarmed at their approach. A village of Red Caffres, equally wretched, next presented itself to their view, from which the inhabitants fled to the top of a hill. Their dwellings were so low, as to be hardly visible among the bushes; and on nearer approach, seeing the Matchappees, they beheld our travellers with astonishment, being a most novel sight to them. Even here, so strenuous is Mr. Campbell in the cause in which he had embarked, that he observes, “for a Christian man to spend his days in delivering such beings from wretchedness in this remote part of Africa would be one of the noblest acts of benevolence which could be recorded in the historic page.”

This hitherto unknown part of Africa, Mr. Campbell describes to be more luxuriant than any he had passed. The natives, so far from molesting him, were apprehensive alone of being themselves attacked. They beheld the strangers with looks of suspicion and wonder; but when their fears were lulled by conciliatory advances, they were friendly; the chiefs, generally, wishing for missionaries to come among them. The country abounds with beasts of prey, particularly lions. The following extract confirms the opinion that this king of quadrupeds is awed by the fixed eye of man:

“About sun set I observed one of our men standing for several
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minutes motionless; when our waggons came near, he turned about, and walked to us rather agitated. On enquiry, we found he had come rather suddenly on two lions; and they stood looking at each other, until the great noise of our waggons among the stones inclined them to walk off. Had he not possessed sufficient fortitude to continue looking directly at them, he would certainly have been torn to pieces; but so long as you can steadily look a lion in the face, he will not attack you. He declared that he trembled before he saw the lions."

The natives are described to remain in a sort of primitive innocence. At one of their villages they seemed to live as one family. A large pot, filled with the flesh of the quacha, was on the fire, which contained food for them all. Saltpetre abounds, and saline particles are frequently named; but here the ground was covered with salt, white as snow, half an inch thick; yet the water of the springs is not brackish, as in other places, where there is much saltpetre on the ground. On visiting the Bushmen, they were much pleased, particularly on Mr. Campbell's noticing their children. They were dancing around a fire, the women beating time with their hands and singing, as at Lattakoo. Their attitudes were disgusting and terrific.

"These people never heard of Europe, or any of its distractions; but, like hermits, live without care, afflictively contented with their ignorance of God, of the Saviour, and the rest of mankind. About a dozen women were busy in digging a certain kind of root, which emits a pleasant smell. This they pound down, and mix with grease, with which they smear their bodies, to give them a more agreeable scent, like our fashionables in Europe. In England the cheeks are only smeared with paint; in France they add the neck and bosom; but in this country they lay it on from head to foot."

We have been told by other travellers of that stupendous swift footed animal the cameleopard. Mr. Campbell's people, after many attempts during their route, shot one of them. The length of his fore legs measured nearly six feet, so that a high horse could have walked under his belly; from the hoof to the top of the head measured fifteen feet. Mr C. preserved the skin, in order to carry it to England. The people in this part were called Bastards; but upon their being told how offensive the word sounded to the English and Dutch ear, they submitted to any alteration both of that and any other matter pointed out to them. The missionaries finding that the majority descended from a person of the name of Griqua, they agreed to be called Griquaas. A code of laws of the rights of persons, founded

upon the English constitution, was given to them: murder alone to be punished with death—theft, according to its amount or aggravation. They appointed nine magistrates, and the resident missionaries were associated with two captains as a court of appeal. The inhabitants, consisting of Griquaas and Corannas, who consider themselves connected with them, amounted to 2607. The next missionary station visited was in Namqualand, which lies on the western coast of Africa, near the mouth of the Great River; whereas Griqualand lies towards the eastern shore. This route, which lies wide of the road back to the Cape, was chosen, as Mr. Campbell observes, for the purpose of discovering what was contained in the very heart of Africa.

Near Hardcastle, in the mountains of Abestos, is a mineral found in great plenty between strata of rocks, which may be beat as soft as cotton, and of a Prussian blue colour. Ascending a mountain alone, he found some of the colour of gold, but not soft, or of a cotton texture; some white, brown, and green. He observes—

“ Had this land been known to the ancients in the days of Imperial Rome, many a mercantile pilgrimage would have been made to the Abestos mountains in Griqualand. Were the ladies gowns in England woven of this substance, many lives would annually be saved that are lost by their dress catching fire; for cloth made from it stands fire. A considerable portion of it is used in making their roads. It is very remarkable, that it is called by the Griquaas, the *handkerchief stone*. ”

Most of the stones of which the mountains are composed are yellow, and sound like bell-metal on falling against each other; and they are well shaped for building. Limestone is also often to be found in various parts of the country. The natives commonly ride on *ox-back*; and this most serviceable animal will carry their houses—a facility of removal, which induces them to frequent change of situation. In proof of this, Mr. Campbell thus describes his crossing the Great River attended by many of the friendly natives.

“ An ox, carrying on his back the materials of a house, above which sat a little naked boy, was the first of our train that entered, followed by loose oxen, the sheep, and the goats; most of the two last were dragged by the men, till they got beyond the strongest part of the stream; during which they made no small noise, like the screaming of children. Our three waggons followed; then eight or ten Griqua women, riding on oxen, most of whom had children tied to their backs; next came several men

mounted on oxen, some of whom had females in tow, holding them by the hand, to assist them against the current. I observed a little boy holding fast by the tail of an ox the whole way across, violently screaming while the current was strong. The procession was closed by a mixed multitude of men, boys, girls, dogs, loitering oxen, sheep, and goats. A great many of the oxen, sheep, and goats, were the property of the Griquaas, who went with us on a visit to their friends down the Great River."

The business of raising huts is exclusively allotted to the women of a Coranna kraal. Our travellers came up with a party of them just come to settle there; and they were laboriously employed in this masculine avocation. They were alarmed on seeing white men, and this was increased as their men were not yet come forward. Mr. C. observed among them a venerable old woman who was blind, and appeared the oldest he had seen in Africa. The skin of her body did not appear to be united to her flesh, but rather resembled a loose sheet wrapped round her. A curious tree is here described, upon which the natives sleep, as on the roof of a house. A Hottentot, who had climbed to rest upon one of them, fell down upon a lion sleeping under the same tree. The lion was so much alarmed by the suddenness of the stroke, that he fled, and gave the man an opportunity of regaining his situation.

The travellers soon came to two Coranna towns, from which the inhabitants retired to an eminence to view their intruders. They had many hundred oxen, cows, sheep, and goats; and yet they neither sowed nor planted; but depended upon their cattle for subsistence. They were a dull, gloomy, and indifferent people; on conversing with them they expressed a desire to receive a missionary. The road was over hard, loose stones, chiefly of marble, white, blue, and purple, and through thickets of trees and bushes. The inhabitants had no idea of the sea, and appeared perfectly indifferent whether the strangers staid or went away. A little farther the wheels of the waggon sunk axle-tree deep in sand; then again the road was covered with large stones. The waggons were sent by a circuitous route, and our missionaries mounted their spare oxen. My ox, (says Mr. Campbell,) was some times on his knees, and that he was then in danger of having his eyes pierced with its horns. The waggon oxen were quite worn out, and unable to travel; twelve laid down, and one bled at the mouth and nose. The fattest failed the first.

"No wonder the earth is turned into sand, for there had not been a shower of rain for six months. They know of no inhabit-

ants in the country immediately beyond north of them ; indeed, they say it is impossible to exist in it, as there is not a drop of water to be had ; yet the country has its beauties. The hills are covered here and there with fine trees and charming shrubs, with rocks of crystal, sparkling like diamonds, and also of marble. Were a lapidary there, I have no doubt but that he would soon collect a waggon load of valuable stones—each of us collected a few crystalizations. As many of these sparkling stones might easily be collected as would cover the front of a house, which, when the sun shines, would certainly, in point of magnificence and grandeur, vie with any house in Mahomed's imaginary paradise ; nay, outshine the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem."

A variety of serpents are in many parts of this work described, which, like the rattle-snake of America, will avoid you until their fear causes them to turn and bite the unwary traveller. The Hottentots are said to catch these serpents, squeeze out the poison from under its teeth, and drink it. They say it only makes them a little giddy, and imagine it preserves them afterwards from receiving any injury from that reptile. Mr. C. however, doubts this assertion ; and whether it can, if taken into the mouth, produce that effect, he leaves to the decision of medical men.

We next read of a most annoying insect, and a singular act of Providence in freeing cattle from it, called the bushlouse. When they fix on the skin of a man, it is hardly possible to get them off without cutting them in pieces ; but when full of blood, they will drop off, like the leech. Cattle are sometimes covered with them : in such cases the welcome crow perches on the beasts, and devours their tormentors. In this land of drought grow many succulent plants, which bear small berries, containing water. It was a matter of surprise how the multitude of lizards and mice, with which the country swarms, could exist without this indispensable element, until it was observed that they had recourse to these water berries.

Our travellers had thus far escaped the many perils and dangers of the interior of this uncivilized quarter of the globe. At length, however, they were attacked by a party of wild Bushmen,* who made an attempt to steal their oxen, and killed one

* The Boshemen, or Bushmen, are a wild nation, with no settled abode, who traverse the country to the extent of eight or nine degrees of longitude, and plunder whenever they can find an opportunity. The term Caffraria, or the land of infidels, was probably given to this country by the Arabs ; and it is certain that the Caffres are in the rudest state of heathenism ; but their country is far more populous than that of the Bushmen or the Corannas. These nations, with the inhabitants of the Cape, may form a population of a million.—*William's Dictionary of all Religions.*

of their party. While driving the oxen, in search of water, the friendly natives attached to our party discovered some Bushmen at a distance lurking among the bushes. When almost dark they began their attack, and one of their poisoned arrows, shot from behind a bush, pierced the stoutest of the drivers deep into the neck. He ran to his companions, and asked them to pull out the arrow; but it broke, and two pieces remained in the wound, which he had the fortitude to suffer them to pick out with an awl. The Bushmen were driven off, and the oxen rescued; but the unfortunate wounded Hottentot died in dreadful agony. The effects of this species of poison is thus described:

"We did every thing for the poor man in our power, by cutting out the flesh all round the wound, administering eau-de-luce and laudanum to mitigate the pain; but he lay groaning the whole night. At half-past one, next day, his pain was so great, that we were obliged to halt at the foot of a mountain composed of black loose stones, and to lay him under a bush, from which he was never to rise. His appearance alarmed us, being greatly swelled, particularly about the head and throat. He said that he felt the poison gradually work downwards to his very toes, and then ascended in the same manner; as it ascended, his body swelled. He felt very anxious, often turning on his face, and crying to Jesus for mercy on his soul. He thought he felt the chief strength of the poison lodge in one of his cheeks, and requested that the cheek might be cut off, which we did not comply with, persuaded that his whole frame was equally contaminated. The Bushmen we had with us said in the morning, that he would die immediately on the going down of the sun, which he certainly did; for the sun had not dipped under the horizon five minutes before he breathed his last. His countenance was frightful, being disfigured by the swelling. On his brow was a swelling as large as a goose's egg."

A missionary settlement, called Pella, bounded on the great Namaqua country, is described as the most barren looking spot that can be conceived, covered with sand, and so impregnated with saltpetre, as to greatly retard any kind of vegetation. Water is the only temptation to a residence at Pella. The missionaries here endure greater privations than in any other part of Africa. The native inhabitants live entirely on their cattle, which go for food to a distance in the morning, and return in the evening. The people have no trades, and but few wants, are very honest, and spend most of their time in little groups conversing together. Leaving this sterile spot our travellers entered an extensive sandy desert. The lowing of the oxen and the

howling of the dogs for water, was painful to hear. The loose oxen set off full speed. They had smelled water; and there certainly was water at the place they ran to, but not above ground. They felt disappointed, and stood snuffing in the air; then set off in another direction, and actually found what they thirsted for. They came to what is called

“Quick fountain, which consists of two pools of water. They all rushed into the pools; and the sheep and dogs, who reached the water nearly at the same time, pushed under the bellies of the oxen, and all drank together, at least as many as the pools could hold: such as could not gain admission ran with violence against those who were standing in the water, by which they obtained as much room as permitted their mouths to reach it. Several went away twice, as if satisfied, but soon returned to drink more. It was extremely difficult to detain the oxen that were yoked in the waggons till their yokes were taken off. As they got free, every one ran towards the water, without waiting for his fellow. None of them had tasted water for thirty-eight hours, perhaps some of them for several hours longer, and had dragged waggons through deep sand for above ninety miles. It is remarkable that not one ox perished in the desert.”

During five months our party had travelled beyond the boundary line of the Cape, before they came to a boor's house on their return into the colony. Here we find a very different sort of people—better informed than the Lattakoos—but more lazy and debased. His Hottentot servants exhibited extreme wretchedness; being covered with tattered sheep skins, and their bodies most filthy; while their mistress sat with a long stick in her hand, commanding them in a haughty tone of voice, and her orders were instantaneously obeyed. In a corner was a space inclosed by a mud wall, with some sheep skins spread on it, whereon was stretched a great lazy young fellow, their son, gazing on the strangers. The place resembled a den; but the owners gave milk, butter, and a small loaf, which were valuable presents to such way-worn travellers.

“Thus ended—adds Mr. Campbell—a journey of nearly nine months, and all of us were in as good health as when we set out; indeed, I was much better. Were I to forget to praise the Lord for his protecting care, I should be one of the most ungrateful beings under the sun.”

We cannot take leave of Mr. Campbell, without assuring him his benevolent mission claims our respect. It was a service of some danger; and, in all probability, he is indebted for personal safety, to the suavity of his natural disposition, his unassuming manners, and his Christian precepts. A.

ART. IV.—*Guy Mannering; or the Astrologer.* By the Author of *Waverley*. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1815.

THIS work is creditable to the talents of the author, be he whom he may. It revives the animated portraits of Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, and other novellists skilled in the intricacies of human nature. It displays superior claims to approbation; but we must lament, that it is too often written in language unintelligible to all, except the Scotch.

Lady Morgan, and the Edgeworths, have been warm advocates for their country; but their delineations are strictly national, without being enveloped in vernacular drapery. They are graceful in simplicity; admirable in pathos: they are true to nature; and arouse the approbation of sensibility.

With the exception of language, these are the pretensions of our anonymous author. His observations on life are prompt and comprehensive: his descriptions, minute and conclusive. In developing the mind of man, he traces it, as it were, throughout a labyrinth; and he may be styled the modern painter of life and manners.

We are not, however, aware that we can exclusively compliment the morality of the piece. It advocates duelling; encourages a taste for peeping into futurity—a taste by far too prevalent; and it is not over nice on religious topics. Guy Mannering is an Englishman, an Oxford scholar, who encounters a variety of adventures during a journey to the North. He eventually arrives at the residence of Godfrey Bertram, laird of Ellangowan. This noble Scot was of high descent; but his hereditary fortunes had been considerably decreased by occasional forfeitures to the crown. Here the mystic ceremonies begin. The lady of the laird is just about to present her husband with an heir; and Guy Mannering undertakes to cast the infant's nativity. The operations of this prediction form a leading feature in the tale. To this, so far as relates to its morality, we professedly object; and the dangerous tendency of this lesson is impressively heightened by the introduction of a modern Hecate, y'cleped—MEG MERILIES.

This mysterious personage, however, is merely denominated as the head of a gypsy clan—we introduce the mystic hag singing—

“Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross; and sain wi' mass!

"Her appearance made Mannering start. She was full six feet high, wore a man's great coat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly sloe thorn cudgel, and in all points of her equipment, except her petticoats, seemed rather masculine than feminine; her dark elf locks shot out like the locks of a gorgon, between an old fashioned bonnet and a bongraie, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they perfectly shaded, while her eyes had a wild roll that indicated something like real or affected insanity."

Advancing to the laird, she demanded, in terms we cannot *translate*, who kept off the spells from his child; and then, without waiting a reply, repeated her song—

"Trevoil, vervain, John's wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will;
Weel is them, that weel may,
Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

"Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Culme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keeps the house frae elf and wear."

Mannering enters into a controversy with Meg Merilies, whom he confounds with sententious scraps from Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, Aracenna, &c.—The scene ends with our astrologers presenting his host with a sealed paper, under a solemn charge that it be not opened for five years. This is the talisman of the infant's future destiny; who is, however, lost almost as soon as born.

Possibly all this may be true to nature, as the Scotch have not yet thrown off their belief in witchcraft, and continue bigots to the influence of second sight. Many pages are devoted to the history of this clan of gypsies, who are a lawless marauding crew, very like our Norwood community. But the singularities of Meg Merilies are drawn with peculiar vigour. At moments the solemnities of her incantation approach to sublimity. There is an awful wildness about her manner and address, that gives an almost supernatural character to her eccentricity.

"In a retreat of the gypsies, their rear was brought up by Meg Merilies, who halted, with a well grown sapling in her hand; and thus, addressed her persecutor as he passed her:

"Ride your ways, laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways,
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Godfrey Bertram! this day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottages—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram; what do you glour after our folk for? There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched a finger. Yes, there's yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred, to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out to sleep with the tod and the black cock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan. Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born. God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father. And now, ride e'en your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merilies speak, and this is the last reise I'll ever cut in the bony woods of Ellangowan.' "

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road.

These descriptions are in the true spirit of witchcraft. The poetry proclaims the energy of W. Scott; and the general language of Meg Merilies breathes the inspiration of superhuman agency.

At another time certain travellers encountered a mischance at night in a snow storm. Their carriage was buried in the snow; the postillion proposed to reconnoitre a distant light which glimmered in their view; but one of the party undertakes the enquiry, and leaves his companion to await his return. Proceeding, he discovers the light to issue from a decayed castle: he approaches; and listens, with surprise, to the following rhapsody, from a female voice—

" Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away;
Hark! the mass is singing.

" From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need;
Hark! the knell is ringing.

" Fear not snow driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap the fast,
And the sleep be on the cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee to begone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan.

"The songstress paused; and was answered by two or three hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agonies of the mortal strife."

The gypsey, in order to procure a passage for the soul of the dying man, opened the door; and like Macbeth's witches, vociferated

"Open lock—end strife:
Come death; and pass life."

The door was unbarred; and presented the form of Meg Merilies to the astonished traveller. He soon, however, became composed; for this was not his first encounter with the hag—who viewed him with a sort of ambiguous kindness. At the present moment, she feared the danger which awaited him, and resolved on protecting him. The banditti might arrive, and then his fate would be inevitable. To avert impending danger, she concealed him in an obscure corner of a dungeon, and proceeded to wake the corpse.

In this state he remained all night. Unseen himself, he beheld all that passed on the arrival of the banditti. His port-manteau was brought in—broke open—and the spoil divided. All night these wretches celebrated a carousal over the corpse: but the protégée of the hag escapes, through her contrivance in the morning, when the banditti sally forth to bury their dead companion.

At parting Meg Merilies gave him a greasy leather purse: he would have refused the present, but she awed him into an acceptance, and with hasty strides mysteriously disappeared.

This traveller, who appears under the assumed name of Brown, is, in reality, the young Bertram, whose nativity had been cast by Guy Mannering and who was carried off as it afterwards appears by smugglers. He undergoes a variety of fortune; becomes a lieutenant under Colonel Mannering, the astrologer; and is eventually recognized to be the long lost heir of the laird of Ellangowan.

The machinery incidental to this *dénouement* is full of the marvellous: it displays the potency of second light, in the hag Meg Merilies, through whose sagacity, or rather preternatural capacity, the whole plot is wound up to a conclusion. Still we repeat, that the characters are drawn by the hand of a master.

ART. V.—*A Practical Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, according to the Arrangement of Dr. Willan; exhibiting a concise View of the Diagnostic Symptoms, and the Method of Treatment.* By THOMAS BATEMAN, M.D. F.R.S. Physician to the Public Dispensary, and to the Fever Institution. 8vo. Pp. 342. Longman & Co. 1815.

[Concluded from p. 521.]

WE offered a few remarks on this interesting publication in our last Number, for which we beg leave to refer our readers. In that review we were induced to make some general observations, chiefly on the chemical changes which the ingesta of the stomach undergo when submitted to the process of digestion. We were prompted to advance many examples of this singular property, to prove that the natural qualities of bodies were so entirely altered by the operation of this organ, that their effects were neither to be relied on, or anticipated after the chyle had reached the circulation of the blood; and this fact has raised a presumption, that no specific property has yet been discovered in any article sufficiently potent to destroy the source of morbid affections, by incorporating its virtues with the circulating fluids. This seems further illustrated, by finding that the blood of animals exhibits no difference by chemical tests, whether they live on animal or vegetable food. If this fact has been truly stated, it may be asked upon what principle it is that the constitution exercises her alterative power on the diseased system? Can aliments of any denomination, when received into the stomach, cause cutaneous diseases by sympathy? or can medicines or regimen transfer their intrinsic properties in promoting the cure of such affections, after they have been incurred? The reply to these queries would prove of extensive importance, if it could be direct and decisive in every instance. But the fact is otherwise: as, unfortunately for the patient, gentlemen of the faculty are not in possession of any simple or compound formula, that, when internally administered, they can place any confidence to cure diseases of the skin; and yet there are cutaneous appearances suddenly produced by the application of various articles of ingesta to the internal coat of the stomach, which render it undeniable that there exists a sympathetic disposition between this organ and the surface of the body; for who has not witnessed the efflorescence and various exanthematous eruptions in certain predisposed habits, by the use of cyder, vinegar, shellfish, or cold water, as well as many other articles too numerous to mention.

It is no easy task to account for these appearances, which are too immediate to owe their effect to an increased impetus

by the left ventricle of the heart, or any absorption through the lymphatic system. The truth is, that there must reside a nervous relation between the gastric organ and the skin; for it is not more difficult to explain similar occurrences arising from passions of the mind, than the sympathy which subsists between the stomach and the skin. Who must not have been charmed and delighted by the cheek's beautiful tint from a modest blush? or have not witnessed the more roseate hue produced by a sensation of conscious disgrace, or a still more decided scarlet from the effects of outrageous fury? All these manifestations of the mind have their origin in the brain, through which a nervous influence is communicated to the vascular system; for it may be observed, that the extremities of the most minute arteries are accompanied with corresponding nerves: and it is rational to believe that a distribution of nervous filaments is not only extended over every point of an animal body which possesses sensation, but that every arterial ramification to its extreme point is inclosed by a rete nervosum, which communicates an increased vibration, by which means it is capable of representing on the human countenance all the various sensations so remarkably denoted by the passions of the mind; and it is the study of such expression which furnishes the superior intelligence in the science of physiognomy, giving a character to persons far more essential than such as may be discovered upon the principle of Lavater, or the more recent propositions of Dr. Gall. It seems apparent the Creator ordained that the features should truly represent the real condition of the mind to observers. But hypocrisy, it is feared, is a science early and deeply studied, which renders the natural delineations of character so obscure, that unless it is in the stronger marked passions, the expressions derived from the visage are no longer a true indication of the feelings of the heart. Many may suppose that this knowledge is only derived from such passions as tincture the features by the increased energy of the heart, such as joy, anger, &c.; but the sensations of a different order, and which occasion the blood to recede from the surface of the body and retire to the heart, are not less conspicuous; such as envy, hatred, malice, grief, love, terror, and wild despair, and which operate sedatively upon all constitutions; and these indications are often so strongly marked, as to be expressed on the features even after death, which is philosophically depicted by that celebrated English poet, who had powers above all other writers to soothe, astonish, and delight mankind. On this subject we may therefore be allowed to quote Warwick's exclamation on seeing the body of Duke Humphry:

“ See how the blood is settled on his face!
 Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless;
 Being *all descended to the labouring heart*,
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the *same* for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
 Which *with the heart there cools*, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But see, his face is black and full of blood;
 His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
 Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
 His hands abroad display'd as one that grasp'd
 And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued—
 Look on the sheets! his hair, you see, is sticking;
 His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 It cannot be, but he was murdered here,
 The least of all these signs were probable.”

Henry VI.

Again, in his King John—

“ The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
 Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.”

The preceding disquisition has grown naturally out of the more immediate matter of our consideration. But we have been anxious to combat the principle of humoral pathology, and controvert a maxim which we apprehend has not proved injurious to society, more from the error of the principle, than an intention to delude the public by a recommendation of the long continued use of diet-drinks, and other preparations, for the purpose of changing the blood, dulcifying alkaline or acescent properties, correcting its impurities from whatever source they may have originated, and altering the humours into salubrious balsams, and renovating decreasing powers, or even perpetuating the juvenility of the system. We only say, that such prospects of success held out are liable not only to operate delusively upon incautious patients, but to every class of sufferers, who are already labouring under infirmities of chronic disease; and amongst these none, we are persuaded, have proved stronger examples of this species of deception, than the pustular order of cutaneous diseases.

It is not our province to enter so largely into this subject as

it requires, our limits not allowing us to glance even generally upon every topic we should otherwise be prompted to do in Dr. Bateman's publication; we can only give the definitions of the eight orders, and a few reflections, interspersed with brief remarks on some of the principal orders.

“ DEFINITIONS.

“ 1. *Papula*, (Pimple); a very small and acuminate elevation of the cuticle, with an inflamed base, very seldom containing fluid or suppurating, and commonly terminating in scurf.*

“ 2. *Squama*, (Scale); a lamina of morbid cuticle, hard, thickened, whitish, and opaque. Scales, when they increase into irregular layers, are denominated crusts.

“ 3. *Exanthemata*, (Rash); superficial red patches, variously figured, and diffused irregularly over the body, leaving interstices of a natural colour, and terminating in cuticular exfoliations.

“ 4. *Bulla*, (Bleb); a large portion of the cuticle, detached from the skin by the interposition of a transparent watery fluid.

“ 5. *Pustula*, (Pustule); an elevation of the cuticle, with an inflamed base, containing pus.

“ Four varieties of pustules are denominated in this arrangement as follows:

“ a. *Phlyzaciūm*; a pustule, commonly of a large size, raised on a hard circular base, of a vivid red colour, and succeeded by a thick, hard, dark coloured scab.

“ b. *Psudraciūm*, a small pustule, often irregularly circumscribed, producing but a slight elevation of the cuticle, and terminating in a laminated scab. Many of the psudracia usually appear together, and become confluent; and after a discharge of pus, they pour out a thin watery humour, which frequently forms an irregular incrustation.

“ c. *Achor*; and

“ d. *Favus*. These two pustules are considered by the majority of writers, from the Greeks downwards, as varieties of the same genus, differing chiefly in magnitude. The achor may be defined a small acuminate pustule, containing a straw-coloured matter, which has the appearance and nearly the consistence of strained honey, and succeeded by a thin brown or yellowish scab. The favus is larger than the achor, flatter and not acuminate, and containing a more viscid matter: its base, which is often irregular.

* The term *papula* has been used in various acceptations by the oldest writers, but the nosologists have nearly agreed in restricting it to the sense here adopted. Sauvage defines it, “ *Phyma parvulum desquamais, solitum,*” Nosce, class 1, Meth.—In this sense Celsus seems to have understood the term, although he uses it generally: for when he calls it a disease, in which the skin is made rough and red by very minute pustules, he means obviously dry *papula*; as by the word *pustula*, he understands every elevation of the skin, including even wheals.

is slightly inflamed, and it is succeeded by a yellow semi-transparent and sometimes cellular scab, like a honey comb, whence it has obtained its name.

"6. *Vesicula*, (Vesicle); a small orbicular elevation of the cuticle, containing lymph, which is sometimes clear and colourless, but often opaque and whitish, or pearl coloured. It is succeeded either by scurf, or by a laminated scab.

"7. *Tuberculum*, (Tubercle); a small hard superficial tumor, circumscribed and permanent, or suppurating partially.

"8. *Macula*, (Spot); a permanent discolouration of some portion of the skin, often with a change of its texture.

"The following terms are used in the ordinary acceptation; viz.

"9. *Wheal*; a rounded or longitudinal elevation of the cuticle, with a white summit, but not permanent, not containing a fluid, nor tending to suppuration.

"10. *Furfur*, (Scurf); small exfoliations of the cuticle, which seem, after slight inflammation of the skin, a new cuticle, being formed underneath during the exfoliation.

"11. *Scab*; a hard substance, covering superficial ulcerations, and formed by a concretion of the fluid discharged from them.

"12. *Stigma*; a minute red speck in the skin, without any elevation of the cuticle. When stigmata coalesce, and assume a dark red or livid colour, they are termed petechiæ."

Against the title-page of this publication there is a very correct delineation of the eight orders of cutaneous diseases; and it is with much satisfaction we are able to greet the public on the probability that they will soon be in possession of very superb plates, exhibiting all the various appearances upon the skin on a large scale, under Dr. Bateman's direction.

In treating of diseases of the skin, we think it our duty to state, that the best means of preserving all animals from its numerous maladies, is a constant attention to cleanliness, and to consider a dirty skin the same as a dirty shirt; neither is it of less consequence, that every description of patients should be particularly observant in removing all *feculent* matter, during the existence of eruptive disorders. Warm water and soap do not perfectly answer the purpose; and we recommend to our readers a lotion, composed of twelve ounces of common spirits, four ounces of spirit of turpentine, and two drachms of salt of tartar, which is nothing more than common gin, abstracting the *alcalie*. This acts powerfully in detaching the skin from all filth.

We have much reason to believe that diseases are caused much more frequently from the *larvæ* and *ovæ* of insects, and

the irritation of living insects themselves, than those generally imagined; for, independent of those which bite or sting, there are classes of diminutive insects which take up their residence between the cuticle and true skin, or its laminae.

We well remember visiting a very interesting young lady, wife to a Member of Parliament, whose complexion was unusually fair, and had proceeded near seven months in her pregnancy. Her body was tumefied to double the size it ought to be, and covered with large acuminate pimples, accompanied with great difficulty of breathing, intense heat, her pulse 120, and with other symptoms denoting immediate danger. She was repeatedly bled within forty-eight hours; cooling aperient remedies were administered, and likewise the usual medicated lotions, without avail, but without any diminution of pain or swelling, and her danger became imminent on the third day. We remembered to have been informed by an Italian traveller, some time before, that there were often very desperate cases in Italy, from the bite of an insect invisible to the naked eye, and which scarcely affected any but the most delicate complexions; and that he had been relieved in a few minutes by the external application of camphor. On this hint a piece of camphor was applied round the white acuminate part of the pimple; and, watching the most elevated point, a small insect was observed to come out, and run with the greatest agility; after which the painful irritation immediately subsided. This was practised on every painful pimple with the same success. It is unnecessary to say, this patient was perfectly relieved of every distressing symptom in two hours. It has never been our lot to be informed of a similar case; yet this solitary instance may serve to demonstrate to our readers, that various other insects may be capable of communicating the most virulent irritations. We are confirmed in this suggestion by what we learn from the effect of various infusions; for, as it has been ascertained that any drop of simple water, after having been exposed to the atmosphere, is only a stagnant pool containing various species of animalcules, so we find that the atmosphere itself is pregnant with the ova and larvæ of every kind of ephemeral insects and living creatures.

What is very remarkable, there appears something like a sentient principle by which they are governed before their figures attain perfection; for if various vegetable productions are infused in common water and exposed to the open air, the infusions will abound with an inexpressible display of minute creatures, peculiar to the liquid in which they are suspended, and represented in all forms and sizes. At the same time,

there are many of the same species of animalculæ to be met with in different infusions, but there are always some insects peculiar to the varied leaf or seed from which the infusion was extracted; and this is more especially the case in the month of September: and the same insect no doubt exhibits different appearances as the season varies, it being probable that they originate from the spawn of some invisible volatile parents, like larger insects we know more of, that are generated like gnats and various sorts of flies, undergoing their several changes in water before they take wing. Some may be insects or real fish, small enough to be evaporated in spawn, and fall again in rain, and then grow and breed in water, which remains in a state of rest. It has been suggested by Swammerdam and others, that such minute flies, and their ova, hover every where in the air; and when they find a fluid stored with convenient nourishment for their future offspring, they resort in swarms to lay their eggs, which being soon hatched, the amphibious animalculæ swim about, who perhaps may live happily; but when sufficiently gratified in the watery residence of their terrestrial paradise, avail themselves of an advantage no other animals possess, which is, that they change their forms, take wing, and fly away.

It is observed, that if any infusion is covered with very fine muslin, much fewer animalcules will be found therein; but if exposed, it will be full of life in a few days, and often in an hour.

Infusions of oats, hay, straw, grass, vinegar, pepper, or paste, will each produce their peculiar insects, ex. gr. eels and serpent-like animalcules will be found both in vinegar and paste; but it is not a little remarkable, that if the vinegar is heated, it seems to destroy the life of these productions; and if oil is added to the vinegar, and the latter is froze, they all creep into the oil; but when again thawed, they return back to the vinegar.

We cannot help remarking here, that the sordes or filth which infests the interstices of the human teeth is filled with similar reptiles, and those who think they liberate their mouths from them by frequent ablution of water are mistaken; for if cleansed ever so perfectly with water, they are present the next day: but, fastidious readers, be not alarmed, as a spoonful of French vinegar taken into the mouth causes their certain destruction. There are many curious insects from the cold infusion of black pepper, and most of these of hideous forms; of white pepper very different, and those of long pepper vary from the rest; infusion of senna gives an insect of eleven ringlets; the liquor of oysters has a single animalcule, which

moves very slow, but very numerous, and oval in their shapes; but the fresh oyster liquor has a different kind, like worms, with a pointed snout, whose chief exercise appears to be drawing each other by the beak: such is the endless variety of forms of these animalcules. Every flower in a nosegay produces dissimilar animalcules. The infusion of tea, in a few days, contains myriads of a round figure, but which move slowly, and have a beautiful black ring in the circumference of their bodies, whilst all the other part is perfectly white and transparent; at the same time they swim with surprising celerity; their bodies appear to be composed of a very delicate consistence, the figure not being preserved for three minutes after death. It is a little curious that rhubarb infusion requires a period of five or six weeks before it produces, and then only one insect. This has been observed to be very different from that of senna; but if a drop of one is mixed with the other, neither animal is immediately destroyed, but in the space of fifteen days the rhubarb animalculæ are all dead. It is unnecessary to multiply further accounts of these productions; we shall only notice that it has pleased Nature to diversify all the objects of her productions *ad infinitum*, and she is admirable in all her works. We cannot refrain, however, from giving one more specimen of variety, which is the product of an infusion of the flower of anemone; it is a solitary animalcule, and has no where else been visible. In eight days this infusion discovered a frightful looking insect, with the surface of its back covered by a mask *extremely resembling the human countenance*, perfectly well made, having three jointed legs on each side, with a tail that comes out under the mask. All nature is swarming with animal life; but it is a misnomer to call putrefaction a dissolution of this property, as it appears manifest that it is nothing more than a process of regenerating the vital principle into another form.

From such a diversity of forms, figures, and powers, as the invisible creation of animals seems to possess, it cannot be thought surprising that the structure of the skin should be considered a favourable nidus for the future stages of their being. Dr. Bateman, speaking of the scabies, or common itch, expresses himself as follows:—

“This troublesome disease, which, from its affinity with three orders of eruptive appearances, pustules, vesicles, and papulae, almost bids defiance to any attempt to reduce it to an artificial classification, nor is it easily characterized in a few words; an extreme lassitude in the acceptance of the term has indeed been assumed by writers from Celsus downwards, and no distinct or limited view of the disease has been given until our own times.”

He then says—

"The scabies or itch is an eruption of pustules or of small vesicles, which are subsequently intermixed with, or terminate in, pustules; it is accompanied by constant and importunate itching, but not with fever, and is in all its varieties contagious; it appears occasionally on all parts of the body, the face only excepted, but most abundantly about the wrists and fingers, the fossa of the nates, and the flexures of the joints.*

"1. The scabies papuliformis, or rank itch, consists of an extensive eruption of minute itching vesicles, which are slightly inflamed and acuminate, resembling papulae when examined by the naked eye. They commonly arise first about the bend of the wrist and between the fingers, or in the epigastrium, on which parts, as well as about the axillae and nates, they are at all periods most numerous, and often intermixed with a few phlyzacious pustules, containing a thick yellow matter.

"2. Scabies lymphatica, or watery itch, which is distinguished by an eruption of transparent vesicles of a considerable size, and without any inflammation at their base."

Afterwards—

"3. The scabies purulenta, or pocky itch, is, I believe, often mistaken by those who confine their notion of the disease to the ordinary small and cohorous vesicle of the two former. The eruption consists of distinct, prominent, yellow pustules, which have a moderate inflammation round their base, and which mature and break round their base.

"The majority of the cases of scabies purulenta, which I have seen, have occurred in children between the age of seven years and the period of puberty, and in these it not unfrequently assumes this form.

"4. The scabies purulenta cannot be easily mistaken for impetigo when it occurs in patches, in consequence of the large size, the greater prominence, and comparative small number of its pustules; not to mention the absence of the intense itching, and of contagion in the former.

"From the porrigo favosa affecting the extremity, it will be distinguished chiefly by its situation about the fingers axillae, fossa natum, and flexures of the joints, and by the total absence of the eruptions from the face, ears, and the scalp; by the nature of the discharge; and by the thin, hard, and more permanent scab which succeeds, instead of the soft, elevated, semi-transparent scab, formed by the viscous humour of the favi.

* Scabies est pustularum purulentarum vel saniosarum vel papularum siccarum, ex duriose et rubrundiore cute eruptes; pruritum, saepe quoque dolorem, creans, interdum totum corpus faces excepta, invadens; sapissime tamen solus artus externos, digitorum imprimis interstitia occupans."

Callisen Syst. Chirurg. Hodiern. i. § 824.

"The only other disease with which the scabies purulenta has any affinity, is the ecthyma; but the hard, elevated, vivid red or livid base, which surrounds the pustules of the ecthyma—their slow progress both towards maturity, and in the course of suppuration—the deep ulceration with a hard raised border, and the rounded embedded scab which succeed, as well as the distinct and separate distribution of them, will afford the means of discrimination; to which the incessant itching and the contagious property of scabies may be added."

Besides these different species of itch, there is the scabies caechnectica and scabies vermicalis, any particulars of which we must be excused from entering upon. The reader will find the different scabies scientifically, but too briefly, treated. We hope, in a future edition of this work, that the author will speak more at large on the methodus medendi, and enter more profoundly into the *rationale* of cutaneous eruptions; and submit his opinion why pimples, rashes, or pustules, when they owe their origin to external causes of irritation, should always distinguish themselves by specific forms, figures, or patches; why a single grain of variolous or small-pox poison, applied upon the skin, should usually continue one hundred and sixty-eight hours before its progress is felt by the heart; why, after it is so affected, the space of seventy-two hours more should elapse before the surface of the body is covered with pimples; and why, in the regular period of ninety-six hours after the pimples appear, should they be changed into pustules, often containing a gallon of infectious matter, more than 60,000 times the quantity of a similar poison than had first caused the fever; why this matter should remain one hundred and sixty-eight hours more before the absorbing system conveyed it back to the blood, and from thence to be discharged by the usual emunctories, requiring the space of five hundred and four hours,* or twenty-one days, to complete the whole process? We should also be glad to be informed why the contents of various pustules under other denominations are frequently many months before the absorbents act upon their contents. We do presume to think

* Since vaccination has been introduced, the observation we are about to mention loses much of its interest. It is well known that the danger of small-pox is chiefly owing to the influence or number of the pustules; and, in consequence of the load of matter retiring from the circumference of the body to the centre, the constitution sinks under the oppression. We have the satisfaction to believe that many hundred patients have been saved under our own care by this process, who would certainly have died. It is this:—On the fifth day of eruption open every pustule with the point of a lancet, and use a bibulous paper very diligently for three days to absorb all the matter—a practice, which would have cured many patients who died under the care of Sydenham and Huxham.

that the theory of all cutaneous diseases has been too much disregarded; as they are a class of diseases common to all ranks, are very troublesome by their prurience, permanence, and not less loathsome in appearance than from their offensive odour.

We shall say no more upon scabies, than a few words on its doubtful origin. The cause of many specific cutaneous diseases remain still very ambiguous; but it is a point of infinitely greater difficulty to precisely determine the essential character on which the principle of contagion consists; and we are always impressed so deeply with the important magnitude of this question, that we presume to pronounce no medical thesis can be proposed to *experimental* enquirers so momentous to benefit the world: for should ever the nature of contagious atoms be discovered, so that the *effect* of their virulence could with *certainty* be *frustrated* or *subdued ab initio*, the discovery would be estimated of more essential value to society, than all the medical tracts that ever were issued from the press. Could such a prophylactic have been known in earlier ages, the plagues of Athens or of Egypt had not raged; neither would there exist in Constantinople, London, and other large cities, such constant depopulating causes of mortality; the military and naval forces would not in all climates and in every age, have had to deplore the calamitous effects of this mighty source of destruction; the Americans might contemplate with indifference the origin of the yellow fever; and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland would not have to lament the fate of their valiant countrymen in the fatal valleys of St. Domingo, or their own western colonies.

Should ever Providence deign to prosper the benevolent efforts of any mortal in prosecuting this *desideratum*, and should all the wide objects and important points of this arduous undertaking be fully embraced and accomplished, it would prove of greater value to the ease, happiness, and longevity of mankind, than any other discovery that has ever been made since the creation of the world. We ought to be inspired with the stronger hope of success, in observing what has been so lately experienced by a means which neutralizes the dire consequences of the small-pox, effectually subduing one of the severest scourges that ever afflicted the human race. The world would then be renovated with augmented vigour, and England might witness a Parr or a Jenkins in every parish; hospitals and pest-houses would diminish; and population would be promoted, without apprehending any danger from the prophecies of Mr. Malthus. We can only now hope that the College of London, or the Medical Board, will take this suggestion into their devout consi-

deration; and if they should decline to exercise such a patriotic motive, it ought to become a state question, whose object should be to interest the medical world—not by Sir W. Brown's medal, or the inadequate reward of ten guineas—but honorary donations from £100 to £500 annually, for the best five tentamina on the subject of contagion and infection, having for their basis experiments on gaseous effluviæ, to be awarded by the College of Physicians, with a medal adorned with the motto—*Qui meruit pulman, detur*.

Digressing in some degree to a more important subject, we had almost omitted to notice, that Dr. Bateman seems to doubt whether any of the different itches are owing to an insect. Now, although it is understood that animalculæ are not visible in every species of this disease, yet in some of the vesicles of the rank itch we believe no doubt can exist; for we ourselves have seen a very diminutive insect twice, but not alive. Its proportions were sufficiently observed to denote it an extreme ugly creature, with something like a proboscis; and seems very well delineated in Adam's Micros. Bononio, and Philosophical Trans. 283. But, as it may be curious to some of our readers, we shall give the account of it.

Dr. Bononio says, “On observing people in this distemper pull out of the scabs little bladders of water with the point of a pin, and crack them like lice upon their nails, from a place scabbed over, and where there was a grievous itching, he picked out a little pustule, and from thence squeezed a thin matter, in which he could but just discern a small white globe; but, on applying it to his microscope, found it to be a minute animal of a whitish colour, in shape resembling a tortoise, but somewhat dark on its back. They have some long hairs, six legs, a sharp head, two horns, and are very nimble.”

He repeated this on persons of all ages, sexes, and complexions, and at all seasons of the year, and found the same sort of animals in most of the watery pustules. They are supposed to enter the furrows of the cuticula, by gnawing and working, first their heads, and afterwards concealing their whole body, where they cause a grievous itching, and force the infected person to scratch; but this only increases the malady. Bononio says, that after having made many observations of this insect, he saw one of them drop an egg, almost transparent, from the hinder part of its body, and afterwards saw several of the same kind.

This accounts why the distemper is so very infectious, since by simple contact these animals can pass from one to another, not only by the swift motion it is represented they have, but by

clinging to every thing they touch, and crawling as well upon the surface of the body, as under the outward skin.

It may be conceived, that having once made a lodgment, they multiply apace by their eggs; nor is it any wonder if this infection is also propagated by the sheets, towels, handkerchiefs, or gloves, particularly used by itchy people; as these animalculæ may with facility be harboured in such things, for they will live, some have remarked, three days out of the body.

The discovery of the habits of this insect may account why the distemper seldom or ever can be cured by internal medicines; and sometimes so difficult, that the usual mode of using sulphur will fail to cure, but requires lixivial washes, baths, or ointment, compounded with salts, vitriols, mercury, precipitate, and even sublimate, and the most penetrating remedies; as sometimes it is found that these vermin will elude the most powerful applications. The anointment should continue many days after the apparent cure; for, though the ointment should have destroyed all the living animals, it is not always the young in the eggs will be killed, as they are congregated in nests within the skin, which, if suffered to hatch, will renew the disease.* We may see from these remarks, how the public are deluded by the nostrums, which are usually advertised to cure in once anointing. The insect, which causes warbles on cows and other quadrupeds, are never killed by internal remedies, and requires the strongest remedies externally; but it is the best practice to extirpate the maggot by an instrument.

We shall conclude the subject, by turning the reader's attention to the blotches arising from syphilis; and most particularly recommend to practitioners to be very observant of all the particulars of this description of cutaneous diseases, and not to treat them with indifference, until their cause has been ascertained. Surprised indeed we are to learn that surgeons should be looking for new remedies to cure syphilitic complaints. It must be conceded that this semi-metal appears to have been sent from heaven, as a specific of confidence, being the only one that is known for this or any other disease; and, had it not been for our knowledge of this remedy, the celebrated art of Talicotius would have been daily required, or the same operation performed in the oriental taste, which has been revived of late in London, by robbing the patient's forehead to furnish a covering for his nose; yet fictitious noses

* Spalanzani has shewn that the living principle of many ova of insects will not be destroyed by boiling water.

will never be found necessary, if patients put themselves under the care of respectable surgeons; who, it is to be expected, will exhibit this miraculous remedy safely, and with all the powerful and valuable effects of which it is capable.

We now take our leave of Dr. Bateman's publication, on the merits of which, simply as a synopsis, we offer our unqualified approbation. But we trust he will pardon us in remarking, that, in the next edition, it will admit of some emendations; yet we consider it as the most respectable treatise extant upon cutaneous diseases, and which ought to be found in the library of every medical practitioner.

T.

ART. VI.—*Strong Reasons for the Continuance of the Property Tax: to which is added an Estimate of the National Income, recently made by Patrick Colquhoun, LL.D. By a Friend to his Country.*—Pp. 110. E. Lloyd. 1815.

LITTLE did we anticipate three months ago, that we should at this time have to vent our execrations against this odious impost, as an *existing* evil. Animated with a very strong conviction, that the public sentiments, so generally, so loudly, so indignantly expressed, MUST prevail over every obstacle, and permanently triumph—placing some, though very slight, confidence in the colourable professions of the minister of finance,—we lent ourselves to the pleasing illusion of speedily witnessing the final extinction of a tax, fraught with grievous oppression and incalculable misery; and of soon hailing the period, from which we ventured to predict, its pernicious influence would live only in bitter remembrance and retrospective detestation.

Waving all reflection on the causes in which it had originated—on the rash conduct, the shallow policy, which had induced its projection—on the hostilities, to the fomentation and protraction of which it had almost constantly been devoted, (hostilities still reviewed with pain by the increasing majority of enlightened thinkers, and with satisfaction only by the imbecile and corrupt,)—not dwelling on the visionary schemes on which it had so frequently and so wantonly been lavished—on the abortive expeditions to which it had been made subservient—on the crumbling coalitions it had been employed to cement and uphold, but employed in vain—passing over, we say, *these* topics of gloomy consideration—we yet did presume to imagine there were *other* circumstances equally fertile in cogent and me-

lancholy evidence; to prove the necessity of its being suffered to expire—circumstances, perhaps the more interesting, because arising immediately before our eyes and appealing directly to our hearts. What has been the scene perpetually presented to us *at home* since the adoption of this measure? Has the public happiness received augmentation? Have the national incumbrances decreased? Have our manufactures flourished? Have commercial failures diminished, either in number or magnitude? Have the channels of wealth opened their abundance to the honourable claims of industry, to the solid and progressive enrichment of the community? Has this, or any thing like this, been really and substantially the case?—On the contrary—it is notorious, that from the period referred to, the public ease has experienced alarming encroachments—that the public debt has swollen to unprecedented and inordinate dimensions—that domestic traffic (as far at least as the staple commodities of the kingdom and articles of pure luxury are involved), has languished almost to stagnation—that bankruptcies have increased in a prodigious ratio—and that the general condition of the country has exhibited, what some would call, a frightful spectacle of national anti-climax.

We do not here stop to enquire whether these calamities are justly attributable to the peculiar character of the late war—to unforeseen contingencies—or to the impolicy of our governmental councils:—that is altogether foreign to our purpose. It is sufficient to state that this is an inartificial and undeteriorated picture of our decay, during the last seventeen years. It is sufficient to know that its truth has been and still continues to be felt by the great bulk of society, and is disguised or questioned only by those, who are either wilfully or stupidly accessory to their own deception. Confining our view, then, *simply* to our *internal* affairs, were we not (and we put the question boldly) amply fortified with reason in expecting an alleviation of the public burthens, on the termination of the recent disastrous contest? In looking, in the new-sprung era of felicity, for the instant repeal, or at least natural dissolution, of *that* impost, *which*, for a series of years, had borne a pre-eminent part in the generation of domestic wretchedness—in the exhaustion of the current wealth—backed too, as we were, by the unanimous voice of the country?—In the sincerity of our hearts we did fully believe, that such expectation was legitimate and well-founded.—In the sincerity of our hearts we did confidently suppose, that the distress and embarrassment into which every class of society, between mendicant poverty and superfluous opulence is plunged by war—at the dawn of peace call

imperiously for mitigation:—that with the *name*, the *substantial advantages* of peace, ought to be conferred;—that among these advantages, diminution of public tribute holds a primary station; and that, though under the most auspicious circumstances it were sheer folly to look for any thing like total exemption from taxation, it is yet the simplest justice to demand at the conclusion of war, the immediate abolition of all taxes instituted for its support, or, at any rate, the non-extension of the term originally assigned to their existence.

For, if we be wrong in this supposition, in what consists the difference between the actual impoverishment induced by war, and the blessings ascribed to peace? If the same overwhelming imposts be perpetuated through both political seasons, what appreciable distinction can be taken between them, however opposite their alleged names? We are indeed well aware it will be asserted—“the return of pacific relations with foreign states brings with it benefits altogether independent on the diminution of taxes. It puts an end to the career of carnage and devastation. Releasing many from the detestable toil of human destruction, it restores them to their former civil and useful occupations. It enables government to retrench the national expenditure. And lastly, though by far the most important result, intercourse between nation and nation is renewed—the springs of commerce recover their wonted elasticity—domestic industry receives a new impulse—and the general melioration is attested by the general influx and augmentation of riches.” But this is more specious than sound. In the first place, while we conscientiously declare that we yield to none in execrating the infernalities of war—or rejoicing in their cessation—we must be allowed to express our doubts of the presumed validity of the two first of these allegations. It must be remembered, the question concerns national comfort and prosperity—and this solely with regard to the actual state of, and the means of recruiting, pecuniary resources. Now it is evident, nay experience teaches, that at the close of a long series of arduous hostilities—hostilities maintained chiefly by *pecuniary* agency, the condition of the respective communities cannot be any other than that of accumulated want, and retrogressive affluence. The produce of public exertion is found barren of public benefit. Multiplied privations are found, in the large, to have seriously discouraged rather than quickened diligence. And, where that is not the case, the hard-earned emoluments of persevering labour have been absorbed as soon as acquired in the capacious gulph of taxation. Is it then, amidst this combination of calamities—calamities which have already thrown multitudes into idleness,

that we can rationally imagine that new artificers, new manufacturers, will meet with patronage and employment? What is the stimulus to activity? Gain. Where is it to be sought? In the service of penniless indigence and spare mediocrity? No. Unless, therefore, a very considerable reduction of taxes accompany the restoration of peace, we see not what marvellous advantage attends the disbanding of armies. Unless wealth receive an increase of circulation—unless industry enjoy its fruits with less restriction and diminution—and until it do, the spirit of enterprise and speculation by which it is accelerated and fostered must remain dead,—we are equally blind to the possibility of a disembodied soldiery resuming their peaceful vocations.

With respect to the third assertion, we feel no disposition to deny its truth. That the cessation of war affords scope, and abundant scope too, for the abridgement of national expenditure, is obvious to the humblest capacity. But though acted upon, of what avail is this circumstance, while the public burthens remain unlesened? Retrenchment *confined simply to expenditure*, never can be an object worthy national pursuit, nor, when obtained, worthy national gratulation. For though considered as a *mean* of working great and beneficial changes, it stands in a highly important point of view, yet regarded as an isolated measure, as a measure containing within itself the *principium et finis* of its operation, its importance shrinks into a mere nullity. *Not* extending itself and effecting corresponding *retrenchment in the public imposts*; *not* enlarging the sphere and invigorating the circulation of public opulence, *not* exciting public energy, *not* giving a fillip to public industry; it is destitute of the results which alone can impart value to it, and promotes not any one end of political economy. But in addition to these *negative* evils, there are others hanging about it of a *positive* nature. Retrenchment cannot take place without the dismissal of a numerous body of governmental dependants, to whom deprivation of office is deprivation of the means of subsistence. These individuals will either sink into utter poverty, or be compelled to cast themselves on the benevolence of their relatives, who, from the vicissitude of political affairs, may, we had almost said must, have to deplore their own loss of fortune and reduced condition. Thus, then, we see the happy effects of this boasted advantage. The coffers of government become replenished, and the finances of the country are depressed. Fresh opportunity is afforded to the *few* of retaining what the exigencies of the *million* require. And, as though misery and affliction were not sufficiently diffused, that which is held out as a blessing proves a curse and an aggravation.

Our ideas on the concluding observation have a similar bearing. If, after a ruinous and expensive war, the revival of intercourse between nation and nation were indeed, *per se*, productive of the consequences depicted—if the renovation of an extinct commerce were indeed the certain and inevitable result—if new facilities presented themselves to the arts of labour, and the acquisition of riches,—then should we most willingly concede the point. But the realization of these flattering prospects depends not exclusively on the event of peace. Nay it cannot be brought about without the influence of another cause. The continuance of an exorbitant system of taxation—a system which goes far to devour every item of one's substance—mocks the efforts of the most indefatigable toil. The enormous sacrifices which during war impaired property and diminished industry, in time of peace will beget the same effects. These effects will remain so long as the causes which produce them subsist. And it is quite vain to urge that commerce can spring up in this state of things, or flourish where there are no means of carrying it on. For, while trade continues to depend on supplies of money and material, dearth of the one, and the falling off of labour necessary to render saleable the other, must tend to its extinguishment. Taxes must therefore be circumscribed before peace works improvement; and the latter is to be prized, not for its intrinsic virtues, but in proportion to the extent of its operation on the former. Not that we mean to aver, that peace is productive of no other benefits; but that the diminution of taxes is the principal; the one from which the rest immediately and directly proceed.

From the whole then we would draw this corollary;—that at a time when the finances of a state are at a very low ebb, the primary source of public opulence is the lightness of public incumbrances. Because (as we have seen) with a heavy taxation, there is little or no floating wealth, nor any capability of converting to profit the most auspicious events; and because, by the letting loose of a more copious pecuniary fund,—by detracting from the gains of industry and the emoluments of speculation only so much as is *indispensable* to the well-being of government,—labour and ingenuity are pushed forward with a continually-increasing impetus, commerce becomes amplified, and prosperity is enjoyed by all.

But to the main subject of this article.

We are by no means forgetful (as we have already intimated) of the intention declared by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in obedience to the unanimously-expressed will of the nation, of adhering strictly to the provisions of the act of parliament

which established the property tax, and of not proposing any extension of the period to which its duration was limited. But though of this we are fully aware, though we were cheered with the success which for a short season crowned the efforts of all ranks and conditions united, though we beheld with pleasure the hopes which revived, and the fears which subsided, on the announcement of this intention—yet what is the issue? that success proves nugatory, those hopes are blasted, and those fears again prevail. The property tax is renewed, and with it all its odious and multiform oppression. The objections advanced and cogently advanced, against it, in the numberless petitions presented to the legislature, and in the public meetings held in every quarter of the kingdom, were of a nature which it might have been thought would clearly and incontestably shew, the banefulness of its operation and the anti-constitutional spirit of the methods adopted, and indeed unavoidably adopted, for its enforcement. These objections were not the work of a moment, nor the phantoms of minds irritated by imaginary grievances; they were the solid, substantial, and indestructible fruits of what is preferable to a thousand hypothetical arguments, to a thousand sagacious conjectures—EXPERIENCE. Experience demonstrated, that, superadded to the co-existing mass of taxes, it makes terrible inroads upon almost every species of possession, that it puts the humblest and most ordinary comforts of life beyond the reach of those, who, by their exertions are entitled to participate in them, that it cripples industry, and that, in order to its acting with full vigour and effect, not even the privacy of domestic concerns, nor the sanctity of private transactions, *can* be respected or escape inviolate. So repugnant is it to the freedom of the British Constitution! All this, we think, ought to have been well weighed before so ominous and mischievous a resolution was formed, as that of re-enacting the impost in question. But it is contended that, however obnoxious this measure may be, whatever misery it may engender, and however little prospect may exist of the country being competent to endure it long, there was in the late change of political affairs ample and conclusive evidence of its absolute necessity, and that not to have recommended and promoted it, would have been a gross and unpardonable dereliction of ministerial duty.* Let us investigate the reasons alleged in support of this assertion.

* To a mind undebauched by modern state craft and finesse, it would seem a more wise and judicious course, were public functionaries to regulate their conduct by the sound and wholesome political maxims which lie scattered in such profusion in the great works of antiquity. We will quote one, which, as

First, it is insisted, that the restoration of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON to the sovereignty of France, is an infraction of the treaties of Fontainebleau and Paris—of the former on the part of that monarch, of the latter, on that of the French nation. That in consequence, England, being a party to those treaties, has a justifiable cause of war: and that war being determined upon, the resumption of the property tax is not only not blameworthy, but is sanctioned by every consideration of legitimate policy, as well as regard to the national interests and honour. Secondly, it is said, that even were the opportunity thus offered of recommencing hostilities not ultimately embraced, still it was incumbent on government, instructed by past events, in the character, military propensity, and inordinate ambition of the EMPEROR, to assume an imposing attitude, and re-organize the war establishment. And that the accomplishment of this necessary purpose, irresistibly called for all the resources and assistance which the tax could furnish.*

Now it is obvious, that the first points to which our attention is directed, are the treaties of Fontainebleau and Paris. And in discussing them, it will be proper to remember, that we confine ourselves solely to their reference to *this country*: inquiring neither into the nature nor extent of the stipulations, as they affected the allies. With respect therefore to the *first* of these treaties, the very essence and gist of the question is, what affirmative or negative duties NAPOLEON undertook to perform, and what rights attached to *us* when we solemnly guaranteed to him the unreserved, uncontroled dominion of the isle of ELBA?—this being, with the exception of acceding to the territorial arrangements relative to the EMPRESS, our only share in this celebrated convention. Now it requires no very exalted faculties to discern that NAPOLEON was under no pledge to perform, or abstain from performing, any thing. The article declaring the guarantee was simple and specific. It did not, neither could it, state, that in consideration of certain occurrences that had already taken place—in consideration of certain promises to be fulfilled hereafter—in consideration of the resignation of the thrones of France and Italy—in consideration of an engagement not to endeavour to regain them—in consideration of a covenant not to revisit the continent—in consideration of an

it appears to us, eminently deserves the constant attention of those personages, from the universality of its application, and the wisdom of the admonition which it conveys. Αγαθὴν εἶναι, τοῦ ἀρχοῦ καὶ τριῶν δὲ μνηστῶν πρῶτον μὲν, ὅτι ἀνδραγαθῶν ἀρχῶν· δεύτερον, ὅτι πάντα τοιοῦτος ἀρχῶν· τρίτον, ὅτι οὐκ αἰεὶ ἀρχῶν.—Stobæus, mor. ecl. 44.

* Vide the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on the first reading of the Bill.

undertaking not to return to France at the head of an armed force—it did not, we say, state, that in consideration of all or any of these circumstances, ELBA was ceded to the Emperor in full sovereignty and perpetuity. The cession was perfectly inconsequential and unconditional. For in the light in which we at present contemplate the treaty, it is necessarily stripped of all the surrounding matter, and stands precisely as if *this* article were its *entire body and substance*. NAPOLEON was absolutely unshackled. He made no stipulations, he contracted no obligation. The obligation lay wholly on *our* side. *He* was to enjoy, *we* were to protect him from ejection. From the total absence of any thing even breathing an insinuation of duty or restriction, (so far, at least, as *he* was involved) his actions were as free as his thoughts. He still retained full and uncircumscribed liberty to move how, where, and when he pleased—to digest and execute whatever plans of future aggrandisement suggested themselves to his mind, always excepting such as might aim at us and our possessions. He was as much master of his conduct then, as when invested with the purple of FRANCE. It was a matter still open to his choice—a matter on which ENGLAND had not provided herself with either a deliberative or negative voice—to attempt a descent on the French coast—to strive to recover his lost dignity—and re-instate himself in all the splendour and puissance which before shed glory around his person and fortified his throne. All this, we say, it was competent to him to attempt, without subjecting himself to the accusation of breach of treaty with *this country*—or placing himself in a situation which could give birth to any *just* complaint on *our* part. For had we reserved to ourselves the right of complaint, we should have been armed with right of prevention—a right which it would have been our bounden duty to exercise. For no principle can be more manifest, nor more undisputable, than that the right of the latter is inseparable from that of the former—that if an engagement be entered into, the infringement of which would furnish a ground for demanding satisfaction, either of the contracting parties may employ means which shall induce the other to forego the intention of violating it. As—had it been stipulated by the EMPEROR, that his vessels should not traffic with a given state, or that he himself would never return to the continent after he once landed on ELBA—measures of precaution might have been adopted against any proceeding which would have had for its object the contravention of such stipulations. In the first case—his vessels, freighted with commodities of barter, might have been prevented from navigating

the forbidden seas;—in the second—constant vigilance might have been exerted, without disrespect to the laws of nations, in regard to the foreign policy of NAPOLEON. But nothing in the shape of terms was imposed on that Prince. To us he bound himself to no particular line of conduct—neither to do, nor refrain from doing, any defined act. Consequently, from him we had nothing to expect. From him, nothing could emanate, saving hostilities towards the country, upon which we could build even a plausible charge of want of faith—nothing which could call for our interdiction—nothing of which we could *operatively* question the legality. The agreement, so far as it associated *us* with NAPOLEON, was a guarantee on *our* part, without an equivalent on *his*.

If any thing be deemed wanting to the complete establishment of this conclusion, it is supplied in the speeches of the noble lords at the head of the treasury and foreign departments, on the Marquis Wellesley's motion on the subject of the RESTORATION. These personages distinctly and unequivocally stated, that, "as to attempting to watch the movements of the EMPEROR, or taking precautionary steps against his leaving the island and debarking on the shores of France—that was altogether impossible—and, if possible, *quite inconsistent with the tenor of our engagements*."* Now does not this declaration speak volumes for the argument? Does it not set the question at rest? Does it not shew that, by not subscribing unqualifiedly to every item and tittle of the compact, we deprived ourselves of those advantages which, it was supposed, full consent secured to the allies? Does it not irrefutably prove, that *we* possessed no *authority* to prevent the fulfilment of the great object which has given death to the treaty, and rendered it waste parchment—the return of NAPOLEON, and his subsequent re-enthronement?—And when once it is admitted, (and it *must* be admitted by every man not of blighted capacity) that acquiescence in the solitary article which guaranteed the dominion of ELBA, (for the other is immaterial to either side of the point in dispute) clothed *us* with no prerogative to restrain his person, no right to oppose his passage to France, nor to treat him as any other than "a sovereign and independent potentate," when once, we repeat, that is the case—then all idea of considering his conduct faithless to—

* We by no means vouch for the authenticity of the words. We venture only to give the *substance* of the Noble Lord's observations—which has not yet met with any contradiction :—at least we have seen none.

wards us sinks into utter foolishness and vanishes into air. Did it not so—two paradoxes the most absurd and unrighteous would subsist:—we should impugn him for *not* doing what we confess we were unentitled to demand, and arraign him for *doing* what we acknowledge we were unempowered to obstruct.

But it may be affirmed, that though England acceded to no more than certain portions of the treaty, yet the EMPEROR, by affixing *his* seal to it without reservation, virtually recognised her as a party to the whole. This will not bear a moment's examination. Can it for an instant be supposed, that NAPOLEON was so bereft of common sense, as to *insinuate* this comprehensive inclusion of a Power, which studiously avoided, and explicitly refused, to assent to such inclusion? That in *spirit* he embraced what in *substance* was pertinaciously withheld? That in *essence*, "*he renounced for himself, his successors and descendants, as well as for all the members of his Family, all right of sovereignty and dominion, as well to the French empire and the kingdom of Italy, as over every other country,*" to a nation which excluded itself from bearing witness to the abdication? Such interrogatories need only to be put, to be laughed down in contemptuous silence. And we beg pardon of our readers for introducing them to their notice.

Now to the treaty of Paris.

It is not even pretended that NAPOLEON has violated *this* treaty. He was not a consenting party—he was not pledged to observe its provisions—he therefore could not by the most violent construction be distorted into its infractor. But though the matter has not been carried to this extremity, it nevertheless is very strenuously maintained, that the partisans of the EMPEROR, that is, the universal French nation, have been guilty of a most palpable and most audacious transgression of its fundamental condition—his permanent exclusion from the throne:—And this is, "the very head and front of their" alleged "offending."*

Hoc fonte derivata clades

In patriam populumque fluxit.

Now the treaty was ratified by Britain and the late govern-

* It really appears the predestinated lot of the majority of mankind, to labour under constant delusion, and in consequence of mere sluggishness, to be the instruments of propagating the falsehoods by which they themselves are deceived. How eternally applicable is the very sensible reflection of Thucydides! Οὕτως ἀταλαίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζητήσις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ ταῖς ἀπορίαις μᾶλλον τρεπονται. 1. 20.

ment of France. The French people stood committed, therefore, to adhere to its stipulations. For we cannot but concur in the doctrine, that "Nations are bound by treaties concluded by their governments, whatever they may be." But then *à converso*, it must be also allowed, they are not bound to any thing (excepting the ordinary rules of the *jus gentium*) *not contained in those treaties*, nor to any thing to which *their governments are not parties*. Because, in the first place, as nations, like individuals, are perfectly unconstrained by the particular terms of a convention previously to its ratification; so, after ratification, they are similarly situated, in respect to points *not specially inserted*. And, because, in the second place, as governments are the only organs through which nations can mutually bind themselves; so it follows that whatever the former have not assented to with the customary solemnities, *cannot be binding on the latter*. Hence, then, it is too plain to admit of cavil, that, though the French lay under obligation to punctiliously conform to the treaty in question, yet it could not be demanded of them to extend obedience beyond its limits:—or in short, that the duties *not imposed on their kingly representative*, it could not, by possibility, rest on them to perform. This settled, it will be our business to enquire, whether any condition, fundamental or not, like that of NAPOLEON's permanent exclusion from the throne, was expressly incorporated with the treaty. And should it appear that it was not, neither that the Bourbons were engaged to such condition—it will inevitably ensue, from the premises laid down, that to impeach the FRENCH NATION of breach of treaty, would not only be not equitable, but notoriously unjust.

The treaty is chiefly occupied with the detail of regulations respecting the reciprocal positions in which the two countries are for the future to stand. Certain cessions are made by France, certain grants by England. But from one end of the treaty to the other, not a word on the present topic meets the eye. No stipulation that the covenant shall ensure, only so long as the contracting parties remain in power—no stipulation against the EMPEROR's return—no stipulation that the affairs of France shall not be conducted at GHENT—no stipulation that a given event shall be the signal for universal war. Nothing of all this is to be found. The name of NAPOLEON is never once suffered to stain the paper. He is never alluded to by any amusing circumlocution—such as "the late ruler of France"—"the late usurper of the throne of St. Louis"—the "Corsican tyrant"—the "late despot of France"—the "Emperor of

Elba''—and a thousand other charming forms of phraseology, the result of profound thought and erudition. What then is the deduction—the self-evident deduction? Why that, exulting in the consummation of their hopes, fondly conceiving it more than temporary, and fancying impossible the resurrection of their recent terrible antagonist, the elysian security into which the high contractors were lulled, deprived them of dispassionate reflexion, and prevented them from guarding against the occurrence, which has since excited their rage and hostility. Not contemplating the practicability of any design, NAPOLEON might entertain, of recovering his lost dignity, they did not so much as think of including an article, by which the Bourbons should stand pledged to oppose the attempt. No security was solicited by *us*, no pledge was given by *them*. And the very omission of the demand *then* is, *per se*, irrefragable demonstration of the non-existence of any the slightest title on our part *now* to enforce compliance. Since then we are without claim upon the BOURBONS we have none upon the FRENCH NATION:—agreeably to a former position—that—“as governments are the only organs through which nations can mutually bind themselves, so it follows that, *whatever the former have not assented to with the customary solemnities, cannot be binding on the latter.*”

Should it, however, be urged, that the very idea that a stipulation of this nature ought to have found its way into the treaty, is absurd and ridiculous, because we possessed every sufficient security in the Bourbons, from the circumstance of their tenure of power depending entirely on *their* preventing the re-appearance of NAPOLEON in France: we answer, that such security as the *personal motives* of the BOURBONS, was not what the country required; *we* wanted security in the FRENCH PEOPLE;—*we* wanted a stipulation from the government of France, which would have essentially bound the nation to *us*—a stipulation, which, sealed by the executive authority, the French people would have been responsible to *us* for infracting—a stipulation, in fine, which would *now* sanction *us* in thus addressing them—“In a treaty for the re-establishment of peace, solemnly concluded between *us* and your late government, it was explicitly declared, that France would never again place herself under the dominion of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, but would employ every possible means to repel him from her shores, should he endeavour to make a descent on them, an engagement, which emanating from your chief magistrate, was obligatory upon you. Contrary to the law of nations, you have outraged it without reserve or qualification—the EMPEROR again presents himself, and you hail him with

unbounded rapture—he traverses your most populous regions, and is every where surrounded with acclamations—he is received as a protector, not as an enemy—not as a destroyer, but as a benefactor—every town he enters manifests the most lively enthusiasm, and the constituted authorities devotedly await his mandates—uninterruptedly he proceeds, nay his journey is surpassingly triumphant—he approaches the capital with an augmenting train of admiring followers, and is borne to his palace amidst the transports of countless and unanimous multitudes. Such being the case, you stand self-convicted of trampling on the bond to which you were made a party, and, consequently, forfeit all right to be considered an amicable power. Our honour thus insulted, our claims thus contemned, we are driven to hazard the chances of war, to vindicate the one, and compel observance of the other.”

Such is the language we should be entitled to use, had such a stipulation formed a member of the treaty. But, really, after meditating on the precise nature of the transaction, after weighing every, the minutest point with the utmost coolness and impartiality, we feel irresistibly constrained to avow our utter inability to discover what hold we had on the French nation, what condition they have violated, and consequently, what cause we have of war. Nothing that is not binding on a government can, by the most specious reasoning, the most finely-spun sophistry, be construed binding on a people. We, therefore, leave to the judgment of our readers, the task of deciding on the question, viewed in its native colours, and with the arguments of which we have ventured to give the perspective.

It will be in vain to insist, that though the treaty furnishes no positive testimony, no express evidence, of the existence of this undertaking, it is yet quite clear it is necessarily deducible from it, and in perfect concordance with its spirit, because the compact originated virtually in the abdication:—for, in the first place, to learn the *spirit* of any covenant, it is indispensable to examine the *letter*;—if the *letter* bear not even the remotest reference to the object of enquiry, then may we safely pronounce, nothing of the kind can be included in *spirit*. Now in the treaty, we have already demonstrated (unnecessarily indeed, we believe, for who is not fully possessed of the fact?) that no mention, no allusion, is made of, or to, NAPOLEON—no stipulation that the Bourbons, and consequently, none that the French nation were to oppose his re-entrance:—here, therefore, there is no substratum for the inference—no *body* from which the *spirit* can effuse. In the second place, were it permissible

to act upon visionary notions about that which is unexpressed, the *substance* of treaties would be reduced to a dead letter. We should see alliances broken of from hypothetical causes of offence, and wars waged to redress imaginary wrongs. Anarchy and illegality would prevail where nought should reign but order and law, and the great ligaments which unite nation to nation, would be dissolved by the lawless potency of this spiritual interpretation. These reasons, therefore, effectually subdue the allegation, that the abdication was the *essential* groundwork of the treaty. For the idea is purely fanciful—an idea which is overthrown by its irrelevancy to the provisions of the treaty. Were *we* to aver that the treaty of AMIENS *inferentially* excluded the BOURBONS, we should be as strongly fortified by fact as *they* are who assert, that the return of the EMPEROR was *inferentially* precluded in the treaty of Paris.

Having thus developed our sentiments on these topics, we shall summarily speak to the second division of the subject—the policy of the English cabinet in restoring the military establishment, on foot during the late war—for the renewal of the property tax, it is said, is amply justified by this measure. Now giving credit, *arguendi causâ*, to the multitudinous reproaches so pleasantly levelled at the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, it is still, we think, too extravagant to proclaim, that relations of peace and amity are incapable of being preserved by that potentate. He is accused of infracting treaties. But if the truth of such an accusation be sufficient to authorize *his* proscription, it must be equally cogent in regard to *others*. Certain sovereigns whom we could name, have not been found overweeningly delicate as to the sanctity of treaties. They have made and unmade them among themselves as well as with us, with as much *nonchalance* and as little compunction of conscience, as can well be supposed becoming persons of their elevated condition. These gentlemen, as far as we have been concerned, have deserved our denunciations, and, according to the principle practically applied to NAPOLEON, ought long since to have been shut out from our fellowship. And thus, by considering breach of treaty incontestable proof of incorrigible perfidy, should we involve ourselves in interminable warfare, and the world be destined to perpetual conflict. If, on the contrary, we bury in oblivion the misdeeds of *those* individuals, we see not the justice, nor even the plausibility of rejecting NAPOLEON's overtures. But, whatever may be *our* opinion on the point, insuperable difficulties seem to present themselves in the way of shewing the grace with which England can raise her voice to declare the EMPEROR so extremely faithless, as that his most

solemn acts admit not the slightest confidence.—England who, not fifteen months ago, was present through her representative, at a congress of plenipotentiaries at CHATILLON, for the very purpose of listening to the offers of NAPOLEON, for the very purpose of entering into pacific arrangements with him, for the very purpose of striking a treaty which would have afforded convincing evidence of her disbelief in her own assertions—England, in fine, who, had not Alexander of Russia announced *his* determination not to treat with the EMPEROR, would willingly have subscribed the treaty, and might *now* perhaps instead of again brandishing the sword, be standing on terms of friendship and alliance with the man whom before she stigmatized with every epithet of opprobrium, denounced as a traitor to his word, and the common deceiver of princes.

From hence it will appear, that we do not coincide with those whose counsels have led to the augmentation of our military force. It is, moreover, our opinion, that situated as the country is, deriving manifold advantages from her insular position, and protected by the strength of her unrivalled navy, it would prove a policy far superior and less onerous to keep up a land armament sufficient only to defend her integrity and independence. And in this opinion we feel powerfully corroborated by the jealousy with which the constitution views not only a standing army, but every increase of the regular forces.

In discussing these momentous themes, we have endeavoured to adhere as closely as possible to facts and arguments, without deviating into vain conjecture, or deserting the path of legitimate reflection. We have been especially careful to avoid expressions which might seem to infer, that we are actuated by motives unworthy or anti-patriotic; and we trust our readers will be impressed with the conviction that, though our reasoning may differ widely from their own, it is yet conducted in a spirit perfectly candid and unimflammatory. Our polar star has been truth; and, if we have not kept within its illumination, the error is ascribable to our defective perception.

We must not conclude without stating succinctly the prominent objections to the tax in question, considered simply *as a tax*.

Firstly, its *inequality*. It is alleged that the tax is equal, because it exacts from all indiscriminately a uniform proportion of their clear profits. But, until it can be demonstrated that an individual, depending for subsistence on his talents and industry, can make the sacrifice as safely as the landed proprietor, whose estate is continually productive without personal exertion; or that one, whose annual net income is two hundred pounds,

can afford a tithe of that sum with as much convenience as another who enjoys two thousand, we shall be insensible to its boasted equality.

Secondly its *inquisitorial* nature. It is a concomitant inseparable from such an impost, to penetrate the sanctuary of domestic privacy, and bring to light the most secret transactions. For, by what means shall the intended end be fulfilled, if the the commissioners be uninvested with the prerogative of extorting confession, of compelling persons assessed to produce schemes of their respective dealings, and to explain upon oath the minutest item? Surely none. This consideration alone, therefore, furnishes an invincible objection. Such process is directly at variance with the better days of our constitution, and utterly abhorrent to the genuine freedom which is emphatically the birth-right of ENGLISHMEN.

Thirdly, its *enormous increase of the influence of the Crown*.^{*} A tax so inordinately prolific as that upon income, necessarily calls into action a new and incalculable host of agents in the shapes of commissioners, assessors, and collectors. These persons, deriving their offices mediately or immediately from the crown, must, from the most powerful stimulus which animates the human breast, self-interest, and perhaps, from gratitude to their patron, feel an uncontrollable disposition to flatter its propensities, and exhort others to follow their course. This we think is undeniable. And, when we contemplate the numerous ramifications into which the power of the crown diverged, previously to the enactment of the property tax, we do not discern any other conclusion, than that since its institution, that power must have experienced an enhancement, particularly alarming to the liberties of the nation.

The author whose pamphlet has given birth to the foregoing remarks, styles himself, facetiously enough, *a friend to the country*. We do not pretend to say what are his notions of patriotism, but thus much we will observe, that the country stands not in need of many such friends to bring it to perdition. And should it ever be so unfortunate as to lend its support to the plan which he recommends, then may it exclaim in the words of Æneas—

Hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum
Confusam eripuit mentem.

v.

* It will not be deemed strange, we trust, that we mention this incident, when it is recollected that nothing has been done in pursuance of Mr. Fox's famous motion—"the power of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

THEOLOGY.

ART. 7.—*Thoughts on the Probability of our being Known to each other in a Future Life.* 8vo. Pp. 33. J. Johnson. 1815.

HOWEVER speculative the theory of an anonymous writer, his arguments are very imposing. It is, he tells us, believed by a very considerable portion of Christians, that virtuous friendship will be renewed in the life to come; and it will be readily acknowledged that persons holding this opinion have one powerful motive for consolation under the loss of friends, of which others, who have not a similar persuasion, cannot avail themselves. It will also be allowed that such an expectation is not repugnant to reason, but is, at least, as probable as the contrary supposition. The wish for such re-union is natural and innocent; it is closely interwoven with the best feelings of humanity; it harmonizes with our best conceptions of the divine benevolence. Still, he admits, that the utmost powers of the human mind, unassisted by divine communication, have ever been found unequal to the solution of this important question.

“Whether, in a future state, we shall be permitted to enjoy the society of those who have been our friends in this life?” Now, although this expectation has not been positively REVEALED, it is not forbidden by the scriptures. If the language of the New Testament does not directly *express*, it does not *oppose* the idea. On the contrary, it is rather favoured than discouraged by the general tenor of the scriptures.

This little treatise cannot be read without exciting very pleasing emotions, and elevating the mind to a contemplation calculated to render life more happy, and death more welcome to us all.

EDUCATION.

ART. 8.—*An Introduction to Arithmetic, in which the Method of Teaching the Elements of this Science is simplified, and particularly adapted for private Instruction.* By R. VINCENT, Private Teacher of Writing and Accompts, and Inventor of the British Abacus. 8vo. Pp. 104. Key 29. G. and S. Robinson. 1815.

THE Abacus, as invented by Mr. Vincent, proposes to exhibit, at one view, the elements of arithmetic. It is extremely compendious. Addition and subtraction comprehend respectively an intersecting square of 10 by 10. Multiplication and division a similar square from 12 to 12. It is very ingenious; and as the elements of this science are greatly dependant on memory, we in-

cline to think Mr. Vincent has materially facilitated the means of early acquirement. We shall not decide that the Abacus is equally fundamental with the multiplication table—that will be best understood by elementary teachers of arithmetic—but, whether or not, the very minute and clear explanations with which this work abounds, must necessarily conduce to lessen the dry study of figures. It is, therefore, worthy the attention of the master, and will be agreeable to the pupil.

We have particularly to approve the arrangement adapted by our author which enables his books to be used without the aid of a slate. This mode not only diminishes the labour of the scholar, but it keeps constantly before his eyes the directions of his master; so that it may be said to consolidate progressive acquirement in a way more attractive than the methods generally in use. It also removes any objections that might be urged against the key, given at the end of the work, by rendering the same less difficult of access. We give this elementary treatise, which does not extend beyond the rule of practice, our best wishes.

ART. 9.—*Arthur and Alice, or the Little Wanderer.* Pp. 61. Harris. 1815.

THIS pleasing little tale is well adapted to awaken early curiosity, and to delight the juvenile mind.

ART. 10.—*The Juvenile Atlas.* By THOMAS DIX, North Walsham. Containing Forty-four Maps, with plain Directions for copying them; designed for the Junior Classes. 4to. Darton. 1815.

A WELL arranged elementary compilation. Junior classes may study it with facility and advantage. Geography is a very essential branch of education, and the sooner the taste of the pupil is so directed, the better.

NOVELS.

ART. 11.—*Adelaide, or the Counter-Charm, a Novel.* By the Author of *Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector, &c.* 5 vols. Pp. 429, 419, 432, 436, 424. G. and S. Robinson. 1815.

“MUCH ado about nothing.” The character of the heroine probably is outraged to exalt human nature. The Irish domestics, who had served the heroine from her infancy, and are voluntary partakers in her embarrassed fortunes, are well drawn; but this kind of national compliment abounds in every novel.

ART. 12.—*Warwick Castle, an Historical Novel.* By Miss PRICKETT. 3 vols. 8vo. Pp. 209, 238, 293. Baldwin and Co. 1815.

WE have seldom read a modern production of this class with so many claims to our favour. Miss Prickett has pourtrayed her characters so judiciously, that we no sooner become familiar with them, than we are delighted and interested.

The descriptive scenes are drawn in a language evincing so much richness and purity of style, that whenever Miss Prickett may secede from the light imagery of romance to devote her abilities to more serious attraction, her's will be the powers to write and to captivate.

ART. 13.—*Life Smooth and Rough as it Runs.* Pp. 215. Martin. 1815.

A DETAIL of common place incidents, interspersed with remarks, neither displaying talent nor observations, above the pigmy standard of the Minerva press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 14.—*Advice on the Study and Practice of the Law; with Directions for the Choice of Books: addressed to Attorney's Clerks.* By WILLIAM WRIGHT. Second Edition, enlarged. Pp. 180. Taylor and Hessey. 1815.

IN the preface to this little manual of advice, the author says,—“He solicits correction under errors; he feels how highly he may improve under just criticism, and he will receive it with gratitude: but he must stand excused if he should prove regardless of the censure of persons who condemn a book at once upon slight and superficial inspection, without giving themselves the trouble to examine it, and who make no allowance for the motives which dictated the instruction it contains.”

This is at once modest and manly. It evinces a just sense of the probability of error, without abjectly deprecating exposure; and displays a proper contempt for illiberal strictures, without questioning the equitable dispensations of criticism.

We can assure Mr. Wright, that we have paid an attention to his work, neither “slight” nor “superficial;” and that far from feeling disposed to “condemn” it, we think it deserves considerable approbation. The course of study recommended, is enlightened and comprehensive; the authors selected are highly classical, and rank foremost in their several departments; and the general tenor of the didactic matter bears the stamp of sound judgment and extensive experience. We consider this volume as supplying what has long been a *desideratum* in a solicitor's office—a judicious plan of theoretical and practical instruction.

If, however, there be any parts which we could wish to see ex-

punged, we should name the chapters on "company" and "exercise." Of these topics, the former we think too trite, and the latter too frivolous, for notice.

ART. 15.—*Paris Chit Chat; or a View of the Society, Manners, Customs, Literature, and Amusements of the Parisians; being a Translation of Guillaume le Franc Parleur, and a Sequel to L'Hermite de la Chaussee D'Autin.* 2 vols. Pp. 201, 210. Hookham, jun. 1815.

AN entertaining dissertation on the characteristic traits of the French nation, with observations on the present customs and opinions of that people; an occasional display of gasconade, added to a pompous enthusiasm in favour of Louis le Desiré, often excite a smile, which does not however diminish the interest, although it may detract from the good sense of the author.

ART. 16.—*A Letter to William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. on the Consequences of the unrestrained Importation of Foreign Corn.* By JOHN EDGE, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 84. Longman and Co. 1815.

THE avowed object of this letter is, a laudable effort to reconcile the nation to whatever measures it may have pleased Parliament to adopt—IN ITS WISDOM—on this important question. The author tells us, that what is styled the landed interest of the country, is equally the interest of all classes of the community. The address is mild, sensible, and conciliatory.

ART. 15.—*An Argument and Constitutional Advice for the Petitioners against the Corn Bill.* By JOHN PRINCE SMITH, Esq. Barrister at Law. 8vo. Pp. 44. Sherwood and Co. 1815.

A legal view of a question, no longer important, inasmuch as RIGHT secedes to MIGHT.

ART. 18.—*Observations on the Diseases of People of Fashion, in which their Causes and Effects are Investigated and Explained; and the most judicious Mode of Treatment, founded on long and ample Experience, recommended: addressed to the Gay, the Dissipated, the Intemperate, and the Sedentary of all Classes.* By M. VENEL, M.D. 8vo. Pp. 24. 1815.

UNDER the impression, that habits, peculiar to fashionable life, generate a nervous system unknown to the less affluent classes of the community, Dr. Venel offers, from his ample experience, simple remedies to prevent the progress to chronic diseases, which often identify with the constitution, and are entailed on posterity. As the proposed regimen will not deprive afflicted persons from engaging in the rational amusements of affluence, we venture to approve the counsel given to the higher orders of society.

ART. 19.—*A Letter to the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews; containing Strictures on the Letters of a Jewish Correspondent. By the Author of "Remarks on David Levi's Dissertations on the Prophecies respecting the Messiah."* Pp. 31. Gale and Co. 1814.

THE reply of a Jew to "Objections against the Saviour, as the Messiah," does not present itself to us under very imposing auspices. The heathen is converted with more facility than the Jew; we do not, therefore, greatly confide in our advocate.

ART. 20.—*Second Report of the London Society for the Improvement and Encouragement of Female Servants; instituted 1813; with the Rules, List of Subscribers, &c.* 8vo. Pp. 23. Hatchard. 1815.

WE have received this pamphlet from the Committee, to whom we cordially wish every success, in an undertaking founded in benevolence and conducted by liberality. We extract the prospectus.

"While charitable institutions to recover the wicked from the error of their ways are numerous and laudable, few public endeavours have comparatively been made expressly to prevent vice, or to encourage a virtuous behaviour among the inferior ranks of society; yet must it be acknowledged, that such endeavours are duties equally interesting, important, and Christian.

"It is on all hands allowed that our personal tranquillity greatly depends on the good conduct of our domestics: but the paucity of good and respected servants, and the plenty of bad and unhappy ones, are facts constantly acknowledged, and daily lamented. While however we deeply regret these circumstances, we ought not to overlook, or to view without sympathy, the various temptations, and moral dangers, through which most female servants have to pass. If, in every class of society it is found, that 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' surely domestic servants, and especially females, are peculiarly exposed to the accumulating influence of much evil conversation—evil example—and vicious solicitation. Possessing the same common fallible nature with ourselves, and less restrained by circumstances, than persons of higher rank, and better education—far removed from parental observation—and perhaps almost habitually deprived of the weekly means of Christian instruction—servants are certainly liable to imbibe, adopt, and imitate the very worst part of the principles and conduct of the many and various characters with whom, in a succession of services, they must necessarily associate. Hence it happens, that in a multitude of cases, the moral habits of those females, who, through necessity or heedlessness, have frequently changed their situations, become progressively deteriorated. Hence also, many, who began their career of service with the most upright intentions and cheering expectations, have terminated a gradually declining course in the wretched ranks of prostitution; and in

that miserable connection have been the occasion of many burglaries!

"The Society is formed to promote the MORAL AND RELIGIOUS improvement of servants—to encourage them to be correct and trustworthy in their conduct, and to abide as long as possible in the same service. By these means, to promote mutual good will and friendship between servants and their employers. Various rewards are proposed for long continued service in the same family; the commencement of which is calculated from the day the subscribers (by letter addressed to the assistant secretary, 10, Hatton-garden) direct the names of such servants to be inserted in the Society's books for that express purpose. But each subscriber of a guinea may annually recommend one servant to receive a Bible or Testament, on her completing her first year's service, provided the subscription has been so long previously made."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTE.---bd. signifies bound---h. bd. half-bound---sd. sewed. The rest are, with few exceptions, in boards.---ed. signifies edition---n. ed. new edition.

ANTIQUARIAN (the) Itinerary, containing Eighty-three highly-finished Engravings, displaying the ancient Architecture and other Vestiges of former Ages in Great Britain, vol. 1, fc. 8vo.

Bibliotheca Anglo Poetica; or a descriptive Catalogue of a rare and rich Collection of early English Poetry; in the possession of Longman and Co. royal 8vo.

British Lady's Magazine, No. 1, Vol. II. embellished with a beautiful Portrait.

Broughton's (S.D.) Letters from Portugal, Spain, and France, written during the Campaign of 1812, 13, 14, addressed to a Friend in England, describing the leading Features of the Provinces passed through, and the State of Society, Manners, Habits, &c. of the People, with a Plan of the Route from Lisbon to Boulogne.

Browne's (R.) Principles of Practical Perspective, or Seenographic Projection, illustrated by fifty-one plates, royal 4to.

Byron's (Lord) Poetical Works, 4 vols. fc. 8vo.

Calvert's (Robert, M.D.) Reflections on Fever, 8vo.

Catalogue (a) of all Graduates in Divinity, Law, and Medicine, and of all Masters of Arts and Doctors of Music, who have regularly proceeded, or been created in the University of Oxford, between October 10, 1659, and October 10, 1814; to which are added, the Chancellors, High Stewards, Vice-chancellors, and Proctors, from the Year 1659 to 1814; the Burgesses for the University, from 1603 to 1814; and the Matriculations and Regents, from 1701 to 1814. 8vo. in sheets.

Catalogue (a) of a Miscellaneous Collection of Books, new and second-hand on Sale, at the Prices affixed by John and Arthur

Arch, 61, Cornhill, including some of the earliest Specimens of Topography, from the Presses of both Foreign and English Printers; also a Collection of Bibliography.

Catalogue (a) of a Miscellaneous Collection of Books in various Languages, on Sale, at the Prices affixed, by W. Gossling, 308, Oxford-street.

Complete (the) Time-tables, exhibiting at one view the Number of Days from any particular Date exclusively, to every Date inclusively, throughout the Year; upon a Scheme, new, simple, and accurate. By J. G. Pohlman. 8vo.

Edgeworth's (C. Sneyd) Memoirs of the Abbé Edgeworth, containing his Narrative of the last Hour of Louis XVI. post 8vo.

Farre (J. R. M.D.) on the Liver, illustrated by coloured Engravings, Part II. imp. 4to.

Godwin's (Wm.) Lives of Edward and John Phillips, Nephews and Pupils of Milton, including various Particulars of the Literary and Political History of their Times, 4to.

Grainger's (Edward) Medical and Surgical Remarks, 8vo.

Hartstonge's (M. W. Esq.) Ode to Desolation, with some other Poems, 8vo.

Helga, a Poem, in Seven Cantos, with Notes, by the Hon. Wm. Herbert, 8vo.

Historical (the) Remembrancer, or Epitome of Universal History; including a Chronological History of Battles, Sieges, Revolutions, &c. illustrated by a Chart of British and Foreign History. By David Stewart, Esq. 12mo.

History (the) of the Small-pox, by James Moore, with an engraved Frontispiece, 8vo.

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MEMORANDUM.

* * * *The Editor has the honour to announce his retirement with the close of the present number, on account of the POLITICAL CHARACTER lately assumed by this Review. He will be succeeded by superior talent.*